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# **A JAPANESE OMELETTE**

**BY THE SAME AUTHOR**

*Travel*

\*ALGERIA FROM WITHIN

*Biography*

INDISCRETIONS OF A YOUNG MAN

*Fiction*

YASMINA

OPAL FIRE

THE LILAC TROLL

\* Published in U.S.A. as well as in the U.K.

*A*  
**Japanese Omelette**

*A British Writer's Impressions  
on the Japanese Empire*

BY  
**MAJOR R. V. C. BODLEY**

AUTHOR OF "ALGERIA FROM WITHIN" ETC.



**THE HOKUSEIDO PRESS**  
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AND  
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1933

*Printed in Japan*



THE AUTHOR.





I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THE MANY FRIENDS  
I HAVE MADE IN VARIOUS PARTS  
OF THE JAPANESE EMPIRE.

“It is always silly to give advice, but  
to give good advice is fatal.”

— *Oscar Wilde*

## FOREWORD

### THE REASON FOR THIS BOOK

THE title of this book may seem to some obscure, and needs, perhaps, a few words of explanation. An omelette, according to the dictionary, can be made from a variety of ingredients all mixed up together, and should, when cooked, be light to taste, easy to digest and nourishing to the body; in the same way, therefore, it is hoped that this book comprising a varied assortment of subjects will be found light to read, easy to absorb and nourishing to the mind.

There has been no attempt (how could there after only one year's study?) to write an exhaustive treatise on the Japanese people and their future in Asia, the facts set down in these pages being merely impressions recorded in the form of articles, letters and diary notes which have been carefully re-edited, but without modifying the manner in which those first scenes or situations struck me.

To write a comprehensive book about a people or a country requires years of patient investigation, a knowledge of the language, an ability to mix easily with every class of society, an aptitude to become as the inhabitants themselves and see with their eyes, while at the same time remaining the alert critic judging and comparing with unerring fairness. It took my father ten years to complete his standard work on France, it took me five to do the same for Algeria and I was the first to scoff at those

writers or journalists who paid a short visit to a country and then wrote a book about it.

This little work might, therefore, never have been published had it not been for a conversation some months ago with that intelligent Japanese diplomatist and journalist Dr. H. Ashida who, discussing the question of foreigners writing about Japan, said: "The best criticism of a country is usually the first impression, provided it is *really* a first impression and not something 'cooked up' from notes months later."

Coming to Japan exactly one year ago, partly as a writer in search of copy, partly as a journalist, I recorded everything I saw during my tour, so that I can conscientiously say that all that follows are genuine first impressions and, though I have added a few chapters of constructive criticism, the rest of the book is a record of how the various aspects of Japanese life struck me throughout the course of my peregrinations in Japan, Korea, Manchoukuo and the mandated islands of the South Seas.

It is probable that passages in this book will appear platitudinous to Japanese readers and to some foreigners who are intimate with conditions of life in Japan, and I would like to remind those who will level criticisms on this score that I am endeavouring to bring out the reactions of ordinary daily life on an Englishman who has but lately come to the country, and has observed traits in the Japanese character of which little notice is usually taken, while at the same time trying to give information to those who have either

never been to Japan or, having come, glanced superficially over her outward structure without making any closer examination.

However whatever the verdict of the critics I am satisfied myself that what I have set down is my sincere opinion on a people whom foreigners of the West are inclined to misunderstand.

I want to take this opportunity of thanking the following gentlemen through whose courtesy and help I have been able to see and learn what I have in the Japanese Empire.

Colonel M. Homma of the War Department, Captains S. Iwamura and G. Sekine of the Navy Department, Messrs. T. Shiratori, E. Amau and K. Tsutsui of the Foreign Office. Mr. J. Takaku of the Japan Tourist Bureau, Mr. S. Hata of the "Asahi Shimbun", Mr. T. Kawasaki of the Manchoukuo Foreign Department in Changchun, Mr. R. Kumasaki, Professor H. Kodama and, of course, Betty who types all my books.

R. V. C. BODLEY

LAKE CHUZENJI.

SEPTEMBER, 1933.



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# A JAPANESE OMELETTE



## CHAPTER I

### MY REASONS FOR BEING PRO-JAPANESE

ALL manner of motives have been attributed to me for my friendly feelings towards Japan so I shall take this opportunity of giving the real ones.

Before coming to Japan I had travelled extensively in the East and believed that I knew a certain amount about Oriental peoples, I felt at ease in their company and found no difficulty in adapting myself to their customs. During the many years which I spent in North Africa I lived for part of the time as a Nomad Arab of the Sahara; during my soldiering days in India I could not admit the superior attitude of many of my brother officers towards the Indians, while during my wanderings in the jungles of the Dutch Indies I had found the inhabitants anxious to learn and eager to be friendly. In fact I became convinced that the races of the world black, white or yellow were all human beings with the same faults and qualities, more or less accentuated according to environments, and these ideas of colour were text book clichés created by people who had either never read their history or having read it forgotten that if the West became mechanicalised sooner than the East learning and culture had reached a higher degree of perfection in Asia before the people of Europe had ceased to be savages. Added to these theories I felt a genuine interest in Japan chiefly

because the comments, which I had heard about her had been adverse. Human beings have contradictory traits and one of these is to criticise other human beings individually and collectively if they happen to unexpectedly make a success of life. The mere fact that Japan had risen suddenly and brilliantly from a state of mediæval civilization to one of modern efficiency was sufficient for the rest of the world to turn upon her suspiciously with every kind of accusation as to her ulterior motives, and carried away by these feelings to decide without further investigation that the Japanese were people without scruples. Foreign writers and journalists seemed to be leagued together to hold up Japan to ridicule or shame and, realising that nothing is easier than to single out a country with the fixed idea of criticising it, I determined to see as many good points as possible.

The third factor which influenced me was the eighteen months which I had spent in China. About this country I had also read and heard much, and in the same contradictory way, above mentioned, discovered that the Chinese were made out to be deserving of pity and worthy of foreign assistance, without any explanation as to why a nation of four hundred and seventy millions could not look after itself.

Patriotic China trying to become united, gallant troops fighting against frightful odds to defend their territory against aggressive Japan, mailed fists, etc. etc. were the slogans bandied about until one really began to feel that China

was entirely in the right and Japan entirely in the wrong. No one, however, seemed to take note of the fact that while patriotic China was being ravaged by proud Japan the Chinese not implicated in the struggle round the Great Wall missed no opportunity to raise the standard of rebellion in other parts of the country, so that General Chiang Kai-shek was not only faced with the problems of defending the Northern provinces but had to employ great armies to suppress rebel forces under generals of his own race!

During the whole of the period of trouble in Manchoukuo, during the Shanghai incident, and at this present crisis leaders like General Hsu Siang-chen have lost no opportunity to show their patriotism by knifing their own people in the back!

These Chinese armies, moreover, be they governmental or rebel, do not seem to have any feelings for their own countrymen and rarely neglect to ravage and loot the areas through which they pass, so much so that when early this year the Chinese forces approached Shan-haikwan the civilian population fled for protection to the Japanese lines where they remained in security while their compatriots sacked the villages!

When in September 1931 someone blew up a portion of the S.M.R. I was staying at a seaside place in North China called Peitaiho Beach. At first no one knew what had happened and, with the non-arrival of trains at our branch



station, rumours began to fly. Some said that it was General Chiang Kai-shek marching on Peking, others that bandits from the North had cut the line; a few rightly suggested that the Japanese, at last weary of slights from the Chinese were retaliating with force.

When eventually this news was confirmed panic spread like wild fire, and without waiting for further developments the shopkeepers and the merchants, the farmers and the fishermen piled their worldly goods on to bullock carts and rickshas and fled precipitately in the direction of the main line, hoping to find some sort of conveyance which would take them to the safety of the foreign concessions in Tientsin and Peking.

To us, foreigners, however, moving was not so easy. There was no question of there being a train as every truck, every carriage, in fact all the rolling stock on the Peking to Mukden line, had been commandeered by the Chinese Army which was beating a "strategic retreat" before the supposedly advancing Japanese, as fast as wheels could carry it. It was one of those colossal "show ups" of the Chinese military organization, demonstrating, what all Europeans knew, that this vast Chinese Army, which cost the nation millions every year, was perfectly useless when it came to facing properly trained troops, for it later transpired that the entire Chinese garrison in Manchuria had been put to flight by a diminutive Japanese force. The Chinese press explained this "débacle" as

evidence of China's genuine desire to avoid giving the Japanese an excuse to fight, but this propaganda, though freely circulated abroad, did not deceive foreigners in China who knew the scandal of the biggest army in the world kept on a perpetual war footing for political purposes.

When, after ten days of waiting at Peitaiho Beach, we finally found a train for Tientsin it took us fourteen hours to cover a distance which usually takes six, as during the whole of our journey we were continually being shunted to allow anxious troop trains, moving in a direction opposed to the enemy, to pass!

How then can people talk of unity and patriotism in a country which not only collapses at the first show of force but actually lives in a state of civil war when the future of the nation is at stake. How can anyone sympathise when one sees China's would be rulers taking refuge in foreign concessions, which they have done their utmost to abolish, and seek the protection of those people who they would have no hesitation in massacring if the opportunity presented itself.

During the time I was in China young Thorburn was shot without trial because the Chinese responsible thought that he was a Russian and therefore without extraterritorial rights! Captain Nakamura was in the same way summarily executed in Manchuria, and on how many occasions did I see foreign women being hustled and insulted by ricksha coolies within the confines of large cities and hear of

worse outrages in remoter districts, to none of which was there any redress.

I came to China with no other feelings about its people than interest but I left disillusioned and unable to understand the verdict of the Lytton Commission and the attitude of the League of Nations.

The Chinese have an admirable organization for propaganda abroad which at present has no equal in Japan, but if some of the minor powers who make such an outcry about Japan's action in Manchuria sent representatives to spend a few weeks in the interior of Honan or Shensi it is certain that, if they returned whole to their own countries, they would adopt a different attitude, especially if after experiencing the conditions of life in the interior of China they visited Japan.

## CHAPTER II

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN

THE traveller arriving in Japan from Europe or America may not be immediately struck by the efficient administration of the country, but to anyone coming direct from China the contrast between disorder and order, government and lack thereof, is unexpected and unforgettable.

One of my first impressions of China was the multitude of policemen armed with revolvers, rifles or swords, sometimes with all three weapons, who patrolled the streets or tried to control the disorderly traffic. My chief recollections of journeys into the interior were the squads of military police which stopped me at the entrance to every village and forced their ways into the inns in which I stayed on the pretext of examining my luggage, with apparently no authority to do so except the prerogative of the armed man before the unarmed. During trips along the unbeaten tracks, which lie between Peking and the Western frontiers of Manchuria, a day rarely passed without my witnessing extortions on the part of Chinese soldiers, and when I say extortion I do not mean the looting, which I have also seen, but merely the living free on the farmers and the shopkeepers who handed over their produce or merchandise to the troops because it was in the interests of their personal safety to do so. And yet with all this well

equipped police force and apparently limitless army there is no feeling of security in China, and whether one lives in the big cities or journeys over the great plains of the interior it is with the consciousness that at any moment one's life may be in danger. I have before me a letter written by a *Chinese* merchant of the interior to the British firm in Tientsin for which he was agent, of which the following is an extract.

"The troops of Kao Kwei Tzu mutinied in July last occupied Fouping and called themselves 24th Red Chinese army. The Staffs of Public Safety Bureau and other organizations all fled away. The Red army broke the prison and organized the prisoners into their troops. All the documents of the Hsien Government were burnt. They seized all the stocks of all firms and sold them by public auction" . . . and so on and so on. . . . I have sheaves of documents of this nature from all parts of China, but the events described are so common that no one gives them any attention. . . .

It was a grey Autumn morning when I made my way out of the coolie thronged station of Tangku and boarded the "Choko Maru" which lay in the estuary of the Hai Ho, but I did not somehow feel that I was leaving China and it's happy-go-lucky life. However, the moment I had paid off my smiling, chattering porters, ready to argue for half an hour over an extra ten cent tip, I realized that I was in a new country and among a different people. Gone

were the corrupt officials who, according to their mood, scowled and arrested the foreigner or smiled and shared a bowl of tea with him. Gone were the untidy soldiers (China's solution to her unemployment problem) who travelled free on the trains and lived on the people merely because they wore the shabby grey uniform of China's Republic: the whole atmosphere of haphazard existence had vanished as I sat down in the spotlessly clean saloon of the steamer and began filling in a form which would give the Japanese Government every detail of my past, present and future life. The fact that I had entered myself under the heading of "profession" as an author caused the white uniformed purser, who peered over my shoulder as I answered the "questionnaire", to interrogate me as to what I wrote about, what I was going to write about, and my views on the respective Governments of China and Japan.

To escape from my inquisitor I went on deck and returned the bows of two Japanese officers who, rising from their chairs, clicked their heels and allowed their faces to relax into that set smile to which I was to become so accustomed during my travels in Japan.

I looked across at the shore for a last glimpse of muddling China, but China had disappeared as the ship was moored at the Japanese military wharf, and all that I could see were trim little soldiers in khaki bowing to each other as they changed the guard, and I thought how funny it would be to see a Grenadier

bowing to a Coldstreamer outside Wellington Barracks.

The "Choko Maru" sailed to the minute of the advertised time and soon the muddy shores of Hopei had vanished in the haze. There were only a few foreign passengers on board and we were served with rather unappetizing European food, which made me wish that we had been given the steaming rice which the ship's officers and Japanese travellers eat with chopsticks at a separate table. Seeing a Chinaman using chopsticks seems quite normal, while a Chinaman with a knife and fork looks out of place, but somehow Japanese officers in well cut uniforms and business men in palm-beach suits and stiff collars pushing rice into their mouths from blue bowls and drinking hot *saké* out of tiny cups strike a wrong note and make one realise that though the Japanese has adopted and assimilated all things Western which, to his mind, add to efficiency, he has remained fundamentally Japanese and Oriental, convinced that the customs of his race are better than those of the foreigner.

It takes some time for the Englishman to grasp this difference between the Chinese and the Japanese, for whereas the former, while still considering themselves superior to any other people and only grudgingly allowing Western inventions to supplant primitive methods of manufacture and transport, appoint foreigners to manage their railways, their custom-houses and their post offices, because they realise that the revenues will thus be honestly collected and

remitted, but do not concede that Westerners are in any way better than they are or that their mechanical inventions are signs of superiority; while the latter, selecting all things Western, be they commodities or machines, which they think will be helpful to the furthering of the interests of Japan, copy and reproduce them without the aid of alien technicists, so skilfully that they can undersell the foreigner, and thus gather all business into their own hands. This is the reason why there are so few non-Japanese firms in Japan and why foreigners from other parts of the East are so forcibly struck by the absence of their compatriots in the trains, hotels or streets, and accordingly consider it a dull country compared with China or the Straits.

The fact of the matter is that the Japanese are the only Orientals who are determined to keep their country exclusively for themselves, with businesses and pleasures organized for their own benefit, and will not conform, unless it suits them, to the insular Briton who clamours for his club and his racecourse, or the Frenchman who hankers after his café, which things are taken for granted in India or Indo-China. It is a strange point of view for Westerners to adopt but difficult to eradicate from minds brought up to regard the Far East as their private property.

It is even more difficult to make these people see that even if Japan is dull from a foreigner's social outlook it is infinitely less



dreary than America or Europe must be to a Japanese tourist.

The Japanese give travellers Westernised hotels with corresponding food and drink, European beds to sleep on, tennis courts, golf clubs and talkies. There are very few large towns where someone does not speak English or where papers in foreign languages cannot be bought; but let anyone count up the number of cities in Europe or America where a Japanese will be able to make himself understood in his own language or find anything remotely connected with his home life.

The foreigner is welcomed to Japan and encouraged to have intercourse with Japanese people, but it would never occur to the management of a London or provincial hotel to supply *sukiyaki* with chopsticks, and *saké*, or beds on the floor, and as for the waiters who speak Japanese, or invitations to frequent private houses or join clubs . . . well, there are none.

These thoughts flitted through my mind as we sailed through the Yellow Sea, and later cautiously made our way among the islands off Korea, until we finally cast anchor outside the quarantine station at the entrance of Moji harbour.

There had been a cholera scare in China and before anyone was allowed to set foot in Japan every passenger had to undergo a meticulous medical examination. What a contrast to the Chinese who never give two thoughts to epidemics and by their apathy hinder the foreign

doctors trying to locate an outbreak. During this same cholera epidemic I had watched the thankless efforts of foreign doctors to try and make the Chinese realize the dangers of not reporting cases of suspected cholera. In one particular instance a man in a seaside resort where I was staying actually died of the disease and the fact was only discovered owing to the British doctor's boy inadvertently mentioning that he was collecting a subscription among the foreigner's servants to buy a coffin for the corpse which lay infecting everything in our midst!

After the quarantine inspection further forms had to be filled up, followed by a chatty interrogatory from the passport officer, a young man of under thirty, with an unexpected knowledge of foreign politics, who wanted to hear my detailed views on the Manchurian situation as well as my ideas about the verdict of the Lytton Commission, and I was surprised to find that not only with this official, but with other Japanese with whom I spoke, grave concern was evidently felt as to what the League of Nations' attitude to Japan would be.

These interrogations did not, however, terminate the landing formalities, as before the passengers and luggage could be transferred to the waiting launch a veterinary officer had to be sent for to sign a permit which would enable our small Thibetan puppy to enter Japan, and I again thought, as I watched the white uniformed official (who for some reason wore a sword) tracing the picturesque characters on the permit,

how the Japanese and the Chinese differed even in small matters; for who in China would worry whether a dog was added to the mangy, scavenging curs which infest every Chinese city, or whether rabies was rampant or not? In Japan I saw but very few apparently unowned dogs.

When finally we did reach the Customs house it was to be met by a platoon of men in white coats carrying large metal cylinders, from which they sprayed us and our luggage until we smelt like operating theatres, and, finally satisfied that we had no microbes or contraband, they let us out into the town. And here once more what a revelation of orderliness, what an advance on China!

Instead of a mob of dirty coolies yelling and fighting for the luggage, instead of the muddy or dusty station yard with its jumble of taxis and buses and rickshas, all trying to lure the traveller into hiring them, a few porters in uniform, each with a handcart on which the luggage was placed and wheeled along a well kept asphalt road to a neat station as clean as the ship I had just left.

A uniformed official met me in the entrance hall and enquired in English of my destination, produced a time-table and advised me of the best train to take, took charge of my luggage, saw to the buying of my ticket and refused any form of gratuity! I sat in a comfortable waiting room and drank excellent Japanese beer, as until ten minutes prior to the train's departure the

platform had to be kept clear of coolies and travellers.

At the time appointed for the the Nagasaki express to start a bell, operated from the stationmaster's office, rang automatically and the train glided away from the platform without any of those tooting of horns or blowings of whistles associated with stations in other parts of the world.

There was no dining car attached to the train so I had to buy rice, supplied in a wooden box complete with chopsticks, and bottles of a strange white beverage, labelled Japanese cider, which tasted of acid drops. A Japanese traveller, who sat on a seat near me, seeing that I was not really enjoying my meal, opened a basket and insisted that I should help myself to apples and chocolates, lending me his knife to peel the fruit, while with bows and smiles expressing his hopes that I would enjoy my stay in Japan. His English was not very fluent but it was evident that he wished me to retain a good impression of his country. Later on I discovered that these acts of courtesy were rather the rule than the exception in Japan.

The train, as was to be expected, arrived in Nagasaki at the advertised time, and to my surprise I was met by a man from the Japan Tourist Bureau. True, I had written saying that I was going to visit this part of Japan about that time, but I had not mentioned the date or the hour of my proposed arrival. How had my movements been found out? Oh quite simple;

a telephone call to Moji, miles away, where the necessary information had been supplied. What organization! Imagine telephoning from London to Liverpool and having the exact date and hour of the departure of a Japanese traveller recorded! And that is Japan all through. Nothing is left to chance, the country is organized on a system with certain rules and regulations which are enforced. Every man knows his duty and, what is more, everyone carries it out, with the result that there is order and safety for the inhabitant and traveller.

## CHAPTER III

### HOW FAR IS THE JAPANESE MIND REALLY WESTERNISED?

THE paragraph which follows appeared in the foreign edition of a Japanese paper the morning after General Muto, envoy of the Mikado, had met Mr. Henry Pu Yi, one time Emperor of China and now Chief Executive of the new state of Manchoukuo, and signed the protocol which caused Manchuria to cease to be part of the Chinese Empire:

*"Hsinking. Sept. 15th.* Last night General Muto took a good rest at the Yamato Hotel. This morning he rose early, purified himself with a bath and wearing full dress went to the office of Mr. Henry Pu Yi, Chief Executive of Manchoukuo, at nine o'clock accompanied by Lieutenant General Koiso, Chief of the Staff, and other Japanese military officials. He did not wait long before he met Mr. Henry Pu Yi.

The office of Mr. Pu Yi, where the historic signing of the document was to take place, had been cleaned and decorated to fit the occasion. Five large electric lights, each having 5,000 candle power, made the room unusually bright. . . ."

Had such a paragraph appeared in a Chinese journal, or for that matter in any other paper of the Orient, it would not have struck an incongruous note, but in Japan with her bustling modern cities, her superb trans-ocean liners and her efficient railway services the idea of the Japanese Ambassador 'purifying himself with a

bath' and going to 'the office' of the ex-Emperor of China 'which had been cleaned to fit the occasion' made me suddenly realise that however much outwardly Japan may appear to have Westernized herself the Westernization is in some ways superficial. (This is not written with any feelings of contempt for I am sure that it is the old spirit of Japan which holds the country together and keeps out Communism.) I was, nevertheless, amused when I read this account and could not help thinking how funny it would have sounded, had the Paris edition of the "Daily Mail" reported in July 1919 that:

"Mr. Loyd George, having taken a good rest at the Hotel Majestic, purified himself with a bath and, accompanied by Admiral Wemyss, met M. Georges Clémenceau, who had certainly not taken a bath, in the Galleries des Glaces at Versailles which had been cleaned and decorated for the occasion."

This, however, is merely a side issue and I use it as a preliminary to my exposition of how difficult it is at first for a foreigner to focus the two extremes of mentality in Japan.

The arrival in a country unknown to a traveller, and especially a country in the Orient, usually leaves some definite impression which is generally registered during the first few days in the new surroundings, and though modifications of opinion may come later this first impression will as a rule remain photographed on the mind.

I do not think that this can be said of Japan. Prior to coming to these islands I had spent

one year in the Dutch Indies and nearly two in China, and from both countries I came away with my first mental pictures.

The good-natured smile of the saronged Malays and their cousins the Sundanese and Madoerese concealed no sinister thoughts, and though one occasionally met a man with advanced political ideas he was the exception and had few followers. A warm, happy, rich country efficiently ruled by the Dutch.

China was as hard as Java was soft. Its antagonism struck me between the eyes the moment I set foot on the bund at Shanghai. I could walk about the foreign concessions in a peaceful atmosphere of British or French or Italian commerce or make merry at the foreign clubs, listen to American talkies, take part in amateur theatricals but I could not forget that just round the corner was the Chinese City, with its seething population, in which I should find myself completely isolated from everything foreign. I would board a train dragged by a British-made engine and be whirled away across the lonely plains of the North and I would feel oppressed by the vastness of China, knowing that not so many miles from the railway there were villages where white men were unknown and all things Western hated; for it is curious to note that though the Chinese never create anything new and despise the foreign inventions which they are obliged to use they had made practical use of gunpowder, printing and the compass in the eighth century of the Christian era.



Thus as I came to China so I left it, rather overawed.

But not so with Japan.

Up to this time my only contact with Japan had been at the golf clubs in Tientsin and Peking where I found the Japanese members courteous folk, the majority of whom played golf better than I, but I know that I regarded these fellow members as belonging to a special caste of Westernized Japanese and thought that on going to Japan I should merely find a miniature replica of China. After all it only took twenty six hours by sea to go from Shanghai to Nagasaki, the languages of the two people though different had similar ideographic characters and the men, though of another build, the same type of faces.

These preconceived impressions were shattered after a few minutes among the Japanese in Japan, altered themselves again to a second impression which gave way a few weeks later to a third about which I am not yet quite decided.

The first picture registered on landing in Japan is one of efficiency. Everything seems to be organised on a plan, nothing is left to chance, and whether one is in a train or in one of the superb Europeanised hotels or motoring or sight-seeing this deference to order stands out everywhere.

Tokyo with its many storied post-earthquake buildings, its tramcars and its taxis, or Kobe with its great wharfs where the largest liners afloat can berth, the shops with their displays

of Western goods all manufactured in Japan, and consequently absurdly cheap, were all a revelation to me, and as I dodged taxis and buses in the bustling streets I thought of old Japan and how picturesque it must have been before modern inventions had been introduced, wishing that I could discover some lost city with old time costumes and paper houses. Then suddenly as if my wish had been magically granted I found myself in a narrow alley of houses of my imagination with sliding shoji and white matted floors. Little shops bordered the way, displaying their wares in a jumble of fruit and dried fish, porcelain and toys; paper lanterns, brightly coloured or painted with mysterious characters, hung over the doorways, women in bright kimonos clattered by on their wooden clogs, men in more sombre colours walked along carrying parchment umbrellas. At first I thought that I might have strayed into some poor quarter forgotten in the rush of building the new city, but I was wrong for in all parts of Japan I was to find this vivid contrast between East and West with no definite boundary line separating the two states.

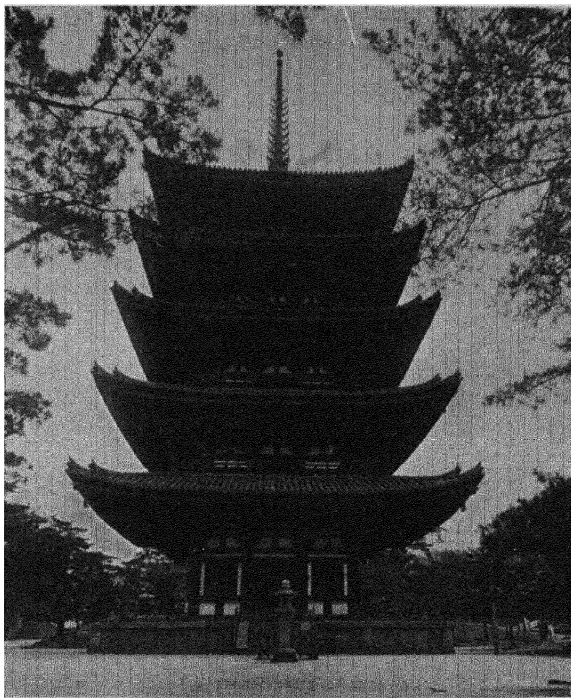
Kyoto, for example, is a city of broad straight thoroughfares divided into massive blocks of buildings suggestive of Southampton. A tramcar rattles past the spacious grounds of the Imperial Palace, penetrating into which one forgets that the steam engine is even known in Japan, outside the ancient temple of Higashi Honganji, only a few minutes walk from the railway station, taxis wait on the rank for

customers, while inside devout men and women in kimono, leaving their shoes at the foot of the temple steps, pray or meditate in the holy silence of the dim wooden shrine.

Thus my first impressions had been of modern, bustling, Western Japan, my second of old Japan of the picture books and legends, but I did not yet know which of the two was correct.

My third impression I had a little later at Nara, where I happened to find myself just after the Japanese official recognition of Manchoukuo, and I think that this one was probably as near the truth as possible.

Though Nara is not far from aggressively modern Kobe it is off the Tokyo main line, so that unless a traveller has leisure he misses seeing it, which is a pity as, to my mind, it is the most beautiful place in Japan. Parks and lakes and wooded hills dotted about with decorative red shrines; waterfalls and weeping willows, many storied pagodas and tame deer which wander about the streets and gardens unmolested. At night when the lanterns are lit and their reflection glitters yellow in the ponds it is the old Japan of coloured prints. A *shamisen* tinkles inside a paper house, anxious hotel keepers stand on the threshold of their inns bowing to arriving travellers, a mendicant friar passes by with what appears to be a basket on his head, and then breaking in on the peaceful atmosphere a raucous voice burbles out from among the willows. Tokyo radio is giving the latest news about Manchoukuo:



**Five-storied pagoda at Nara.**



**The deer at Nara are tame and this one allows the author to scratch its head.**



"The Chief Executive, Mr. Henry Pu Yi," cried the unseen speaker, "and his thirty million people are greatly pleased to have received formal recognition from Japan, a step which the whole Manchoukuo nation has been anticipating. It is certain that the recognition will fast restore peace and order, stabilize public feeling and halt further activities of the remnants of the armies of the former régime. Chang Hsueh-liang will be forced to abandon his wicked plans. . . ." and so on, and so on

from the lips of generals and statesmen all over Manchuria and Japan. Unending propaganda on which is fed the sixty million inhabitants of the Japanese Empire until they think as one man. I stood as if spellbound, expecting at any moment to witness hostile demonstrations or see signs of wild enthusiasm, but there was nothing but silent interest of a people accustomed to be told how to order their thoughts.

Weary therefore of loud speakers and unemotional faces I turned my back on the town and wandered away into the hills. My walk took me through a dim forest of fine old trees dripping with Autumn rain, until I came out before the Temple of the Imperial Treasure. A multitude of holiday makers, rejoicing officially over the delivery of Manchuria from Chinese tyranny, thronged the temple gates, and following the crowd I climbed up steep steps to a wooden terrace and remained gazing out at the lovely panorama of rolling hills and green rice fields, wondering what Japan would be like fifty years hence and whether she would be able to live up to her ambitions; where the Manchurian

venture would lead her and if she was destined to play Great Britain's rôle of the nineteenth century in the twentieth? Finding no solution to these mental problems I turned away from the view and entered the shrine. A Japanese man, evidently well-to-do, wearing kimono, a straw hat and carrying a European umbrella, came in just behind me. He paused before the dimly lit altar and, throwing a coin into the offertory box, rang a bell three times to warn the hidden God that he had a petition to make. He then knelt on the ground and, clapping his hands to ensure the attention of the deity, began to pray. For a few moments he remained in his devotional attitude, then, rising, once more rang the bell to intimate that the prayer was over, and retracing his steps returned to the town with its squeaky gramophones and its raucous loud speakers which bellowed out their propaganda to the four corners of Japan.

And as I, in turn, walked back through the woods I wondered how these two mentalities could remain side by side in the same heads and it made me begin to understand why the people of the West could never quite grasp the way of thinking of the Japanese. With the Chinese the problem is not so difficult, for, as I must again emphasize, their thoughts, as it concerns the foreigner, are crystalised into opposition to all Western innovations, all Western encroachments. They remain aggressive Chinamen who consider themselves and everything they do superior to all other barbarians be they white, yellow, red

or black. With the people of Japan it is different, for while at heart they continue to be primarily Japanese, keeping sacred their traditions and their simple beliefs, they admit that the Western man's inventions (even though the Western man himself can be dispensed with) are helpful to the furthering of Japan's greatness. Dress among the official and city classes has become European, efficiency and good organization count before all in the minds of those who direct the future of the nation, but behind all that remains engrained the spirit of the past, the reverence for the great names in history, for the legends and for the mythological heroes; so that the modernly equipped Japanese can go to his temple and, clapping his hands, commune with his Gods. . . .

So down in the town loud speakers tell the world of Japan's political ambitions, out there in Osaka Bay lies anchored one of the mightiest fleets in the world, on Kobe bund rise up the steel and concrete offices of great banking and shipping firms, but all these modernities do not make the people forget that up in the hills and hidden away in the forests there are temples and shrines with kindly Gods who will look after the interests of all that is Japanese, and until this mixture of primitive and modern thought is understood by the outer world it will be difficult for the people of the West to *begin* to follow the workings of the Japanese mind.



## CHAPTER IV

### RURAL JAPAN SEEN FROM THE ROAD

INSIGHT into the thought and mode of living of a foreign country is difficult to obtain in a limited space of time unless the traveller, be he student or tourist, makes up his mind to abandon the company of his own kind and live in the same surroundings and in the same manner as the people whom he is trying to study. A globe trotter who makes his way round the world in a luxurious liner and, when he lands, takes a room at a fashionable foreign hotel has learnt less of the countries and the people he has visited than an intelligent workman who studies geography at a night school. He will probably return to his native city loaded with photographs of travelling companions in exotic surroundings and possibly a few curios which, after being left lying about the house for a few weeks, will be relegated to the lumber room, but his impressions will have little to do with the native thought or culture and be rather based on the degree of modern comforts which the local hotels have afforded him.

During all my travels in different parts of the world I have always avoided as far as possible the tourist hotels and made a point, at least once during my stay in a country, of taking a walking tour, preferably in some fairly remote district where the world traveller is not, and I have found that after two or three days on the

open road my mind has become attuned to the minds of the people with whom I have been coming in contact.

To walk "off the beaten track" in Japan is, however, not as easy as in some countries, owing to the fact that the Japanese, being an ardent tourist himself, carries modernities to places which a comparatively short time ago were unknown. I, therefore, decided not to waste time in a long train journey to some supposedly wild district and confined my walk to the Izu Peninsula which is almost virgin of railways.

The hiker in Japan has one great advantage over his colleague in other countries in that he can travel without any form of baggage, even a tooth-brush, a comb or a piece of soap is unnecessary as the inns supply everything.

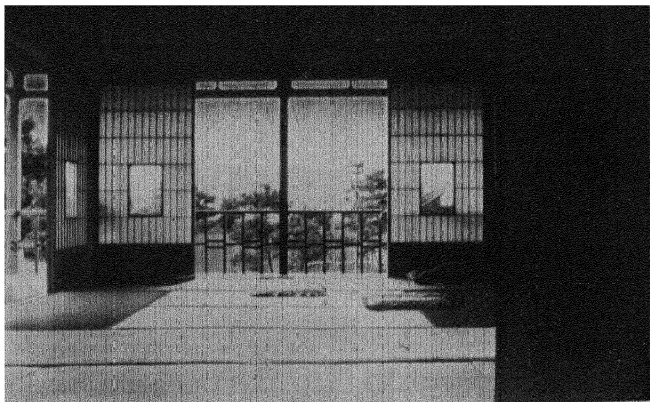
The evening of my arrival at my first resting place, a small village beside a placid green lake above which Fuji Yama rose up in majestic symmetry, I found myself surrounded by a host of hotel keepers bowing themselves to the ground as they called out the advantages of their respective inns, with tariffs for board and lodging. These tariffs incidentally vary according to the rank or position of the guest, poor men paying less than middle class travellers, who in turn do not pay as much as noblemen, while people of exalted rank do not even ask for a bill but make a present to the innkeeper greatly in excess to the value of what they have received. I do not know how they gauged my social status, but it

was not that of a poor man, neither was it that of a nobleman!

Having once selected my hotel, chiefly because the proprietor assured me that he could supply me with a foreign breakfast (I like Japanese food for lunch and dinner but I find it difficult to swallow rice and raw fish at seven in the morning), the other innkeepers faded away and I followed my host to his inn where the female staff in bright kimonos bowed me in with appropriate remarks, to the effect that I was degrading my honourable self in passing the threshold of their unworthy dwelling, in the same way as Chinamen on meeting will ask if all goes well in the exalted friend's to-be-envied castle and be told that the humble acquaintance's miserable hovel is still waiting the honour of the noble lord's visit. This Oriental politeness is a bit disconcerting at first and makes it hard for the foreigner picking up the language to unravel statements of importance from mere formalities. However, once the bowing over, I removed my boots and, putting on slippers, went to my room where I drank the traditional cup of green tea, after which I exchanged my dusty walking clothes for a pair of kimonos, one made of cotton to be worn next the skin, the other as an outside cover of padded silk. Thence to the inevitable bath and the inevitable scrubbing of the back by the maid. This washing of male travellers by female servants takes a long time to get used to and there is nothing to be done about it, for if one did protest, that having washed all over all one's



A Japanese inn of the better class.



The author's bedroom in a Japanese inn.



life it was too late to start a new process, the Japanese would merely think it was a further proof of the foreigner's reputed dirty habits!

As a matter of fact the average Japanese provincial inn is much cleaner than the same class of hotel in England while the plumbing and bathing facilities are definitely superior to those in rural districts of France and, of course, cannot be mentioned in the same sentence as what one finds in Chinese taverns. The Chinese inn in the country has no sanitation, the floors are made of mud and dirt pounded flat by generations of travellers' feet, the meals are served in common with the other guests in a room alive with cockroaches and flies, and though the taste of the food is excellent it is not advisable to make too close an inspection of the kitchen. There is no question of a bathroom, or for that matter of any facilities to wash other than a grimy damp towel handed round after meals. There is, of course, no attempt at modern sanitation, no ventilation in the bedrooms where preliminaries of going to bed are chiefly connected with hunts through the grimy quilts with a tin of Keatings. In fact until one has walked through the interior of China the real meaning of filth is not understood, and it is all the more staggering to think that a people who could conceive and execute such a stupendous work as the Great Wall of China two hundred years before the Christian era never learnt how to construct a sanitary drain or a simple bathroom.

All this is a diversion but I could not help making contrasts as I encountered for the first

time the shining cleanliness of the Japanese inns which everyone in Japan takes as a matter of course.

Once washed the maid produced a tooth brush in a sterilised packet, some coarse salt in the place of tooth powder and a comb, after which I was escorted to my room where my evening meal awaited me. It was only six thirty but the Japanese have early habits so I ate my rice and raw fish and thin soup seasoned with fungus and ginger roots, and drank saké out of a thimble-like cup.

When dinner was over I decided to take a stroll and look at the lake in the moonlight, but had I known how painful a walk in geta could be I do not think that even the sight of Fuji rising up ghostly from the glittering water would have tempted me. The geta, a pair of flat pieces of wood raised from the ground by two other cross pieces and adorned with a toe thong, are supposed to fit the sole of a Japanese foot but are always too small for a European and are, to my mind, the most paingiving form of footwear ever devised. In the first place the foreigner's toes, not being prehensile like those of the Japanese, have difficulty in grasping the thong, and when this difficulty has been overcome it is found that, even when balance has been established, progress at any speed or in any required direction is almost entirely a matter of chance. I did not actually fall down but it was only luck which prevented me from spraining my ankles. Besides this clog complication I felt most self conscious

in a flapping kimono which, having been made for a Japanese of medium height, only came down to the middle of my calves, but I noticed that the people in the street took much less notice of me than when I walked about in shorts.

After leaving the loveliness of Lake Ashinoko my route took me through great mountains until I came down to the fertile cultivated plains about Mishima. Rice field succeeded rice field, village followed village until once again I began to climb through gorgeous forests of firs and maple trees scarlet in their Autumn tints.

I spent one night at Shuzenji, a renowned watering place for those suffering from sciatica and rheumatism, where in all directions boiling sulphurous water hisses out of the ground. The town is composed entirely of inns and bath houses in which men and women, divided from each other by small partitions, and quite visible from the street, bathe in noisy intimacy. I had a shave at Shuzenji but after my experience I decided that it was safer to live bearded. If there is no other kind of shop in a Japanese village there is always a barber and the barber will always have customers in the operating chair and others waiting; moreover a Japanese goes to the hairdresser in earnest. It is not just a question of hair cut or shave but a serious operation to all parts of the head. When, therefore, I sat down in the chair and by signs intimated that I needed a shave, the assistant looked at me with pity and at once began to massage my scalp with a kind of circular curry



comb. As my hair was dusty, I allowed him his little fun and, soothed by his hands, incautiously closed my eyes. I must have dozed, for when I looked again in the glass it was to discover with consternation that the man had somehow lathered my head with some soaplike composition which required no water. However, it was too late to protest, so I allowed him to finish the shampoo but firmly prevented him from cutting my hair. He was evidently disappointed but I was determined and lay back for the shave, yet even then my trials were not over as, not content with lathering my chin, he spread soap over my cheek bones and forehead and it was with the utmost difficulty that I prevented him from removing part of my eyebrows; while during the whole of the operation an urchin in a white coat many sizes too large for him endeavoured to seize my hands and manicure them with what appeared to be a set of locksmith's tools.

My journey was now taking me away from tourist tracks and I climbed up up into lovely wooded mountains silent and lifeless. I do not think that I have ever been in a country where there is such a lack of animal and bird life as in Japan, an occasional golden oriole flashes across the road, sometimes a dove, but there is no sign of deer or squirrels and none of the chirping and other mysterious sounds connected with forests.

Soon after I had started it began to rain, and though I plodded on in the soaking down-pour for two hours, I finally got so cold that I

hailed the first bus which passed me and climbed into its stuffy but warm interior. That is another great advantage of hiking in Japan, there is always a motor-bus service of some sort which will pick up the traveller who, wet or tired, feels that he can walk no further.

The bus deposited me at Shimoda, a moderately sized fishing village on a small bay dotted about with picturesque pine-clad islands reminiscent of prints of old Japan. Shimoda is historically interesting as the scene of Commodore Perry's landing on Japanese soil, and a column commemorates the place where he met the envoys of the Mikado and signed the treaty which was to precipitate Japan into the vortex of Westernization and the race for armaments. I sat for a while beneath this monument which records an event perhaps more important than the Crucifixion and wondered what would have happened if Perry and his "black ships" had not thought fit to disembark at Shimoda. Would Japan have been absorbed as one of the colonies of the greedy powers seeking to spread their conquests further to the East, or would she have drifted into the disorderly anarchy of China?

Shimoda has an atmosphere of great peace, the inhabitants look like Urashima and I am sure are not in the least concerned with the doings of General Koiso's armies in Manchoukuo or the withdrawal or not of Japan from the League of Nations.

At Shimoda I attended the local cinema and sat from seven o'clock till eleven on a couple of

cushions on the floor of a matted hall, appreciating the advantages of a kimono. I saw three entire films which were silent and rather difficult to follow in spite of a man in a kind of pulpit who repeated what the various actors were supposed to be saying. The end of the show was unexpectedly amusing to me, as the audience, instead of going to collect their hats from the cloakroom attendant as in England, scrambled for their clogs. I had not the least idea what mine looked like, so I waited till the last and found that my own had been left!

The cost of my four hour's entertainment was about threepence.

From Shimoda onwards I definitely left all trace of foreigners, and at a place called Oka, on the East coast of the Peninsula, the road ceased to exist at all, so that to pick it up again I had to go for ten miles along mountain tracks, sometimes climbing up to the tops of peaks, at others skirting the seashore. But wherever I went I found hospitality and cleanliness, smiles and gorgeous scenery. I suppose the smiles are the result of the scenery, for who could be unhappy in such a universally beautiful country.

People talk a lot about the arrogance of the Japanese and his hatred for the foreigner, but I do not agree with these sweeping assertions. The people in places like Tokyo, I admit, sometimes create this impression, but I think it is because they are brought much into contact with foreigners, and often with the wrong sort who go out of their way to make the

Japanese feel he is not wanted, if not actually inferior. This naturally makes him react antagonistically and is the cause of that rather childish bragging which one sometimes notices on the part of younger men which I feel is due to an inexplicable form of inferiority complex. This is not the place to discuss introversion and it is evident to anyone who has studied Japan that its people should have nothing to make them feel inferior, but nevertheless this complex exists among a certain class and is a definite cause of periodical instances of uncalled-for insolence towards foreigners. Personally I have always met with the greatest courtesy and consideration from the Japanese, and during the whole of my walking tour I only encountered kindness and help. It is true that in some of the remoter districts my shorts caused undisguised amusement among the school children, but then I suppose if a Japanese in a kimono and clogs suddenly appeared in rural Devonshire he would cause more than mere smiles and probably find it difficult to obtain accomodation in the local hotel. But though the children smiled it was done in the friendliest of spirits and even the smallest were anxious to air the little English they had learnt in the class room.

When finally I reached Atami, where I was to take the train for Tokyo, I felt really sorry at leaving these charming country people who had looked after me without any idea of exploitation, the contrast being brought home to me, as I entered the foreign style hotel and was met by

the reception clerk in his ill fitting morning coat who asked me suspiciously if I had booked a room, while tourists eyed me with disapproval. Though I admit that I did look a travel-stained tramp bearded and luggageless, I was so disillusioned with this contact with so-called civilization that I walked out of the swinging glass doors and hurrying up the street bowed and bowed again to the first Japanese inn keeper I saw, knowing that he would welcome me and bath me and feed me whether I appeared before him bearded or shaven, clothed or nude.

Those who dislike walking can have an agreeable time motoring in Japan. The roads are not particularly good but are being improved and are everywhere passable. What, however, impresses the foreigner most if he is travelling by car is the courtesy of his fellow drivers, which I fear is rather the exception than the rule in Europe. Even when there is an accident there are no recriminations and the people involved do all they can to help each other and make the best of a bad business, and I actually witnessed two chauffeurs after a head-on crash leave their respective seats and after a lengthy preliminary of bowing apologise for five minutes at the inconvenience they had caused each other, while the passengers in the cars remained as calm as if nothing had happened at all.

## CHAPTER V

### THE TOURIST INDUSTRY IN JAPAN

BEFORE embarking on constructive or destructive criticisms of Japan or discussing her political problems, I must say a few words about other matters which impress the foreigner when he first sets foot on the shores of the Japanese Islands.

Tourism in England and America, though organized, is left primarily to the initiative of private firms (of which there are many in each country) which must evidently work on a competitive basis and consequently lose much of their efficiency as a whole.

In Japan, however, tourism is a government organization under the supervision of the Board of Tourist Industry, which is in turn under the control of the Minister of Railways, while the actual carrying into effect of the policies decided, as it concerns travel and inducement to travel in Japan, is in the hands of the Japan Tourist Bureau. This organization, it may interest some to know, came into being in a small office in a corner of Tokyo station in 1912, with a staff of three employees. To-day it has sixty two offices in Japan, nineteen in China, Korea and Manchuria and two in the U. S. A, but though its revenue totals ¥ 380,000 a year, the whole of that sum is expended on salaries and the purchase of materials. It will be seen, therefore, that the

Japan Tourist Bureau is no money-making or commercial concern and aims at satisfying the demands of those who wish to travel in Japan. In this object, too, it succeeds, for until the traveller, be he Japanese or foreign, has had to deal continuously with this organization, as I have, in different parts of Japan, he has not understood the meaning of the words courtesy and efficiency. I speak, moreover, from long experience of travel and, without mentioning names, I have often found that it was simpler to go to the places I wanted to visit without the aid of tourist agencies which, more than often, supplied misleading information.

In Japan there is no erroneous advice and it would be difficult for a foreigner to travel comfortably if he had not the services of the Japan Tourist Bureau. Neither is there any sensation of being exploited; the Tourist Bureau works for the tourist free of charge and arranges the details of the itinerary selected according to the customer's means. In fact one of the functions of the Board of Tourist Industry is to see that guides and dealers in souvenirs who come in contact with foreign tourists are well informed and honest, it being realised that wrong information and the palming off of articles of inferior quality at high prices is detrimental to the tourist trade and affects the good name of a country. There is, I may add, a general atmosphere of honest dealing when one comes to Japan as a tourist, and though there is a certain amount of bargaining it is carried on without

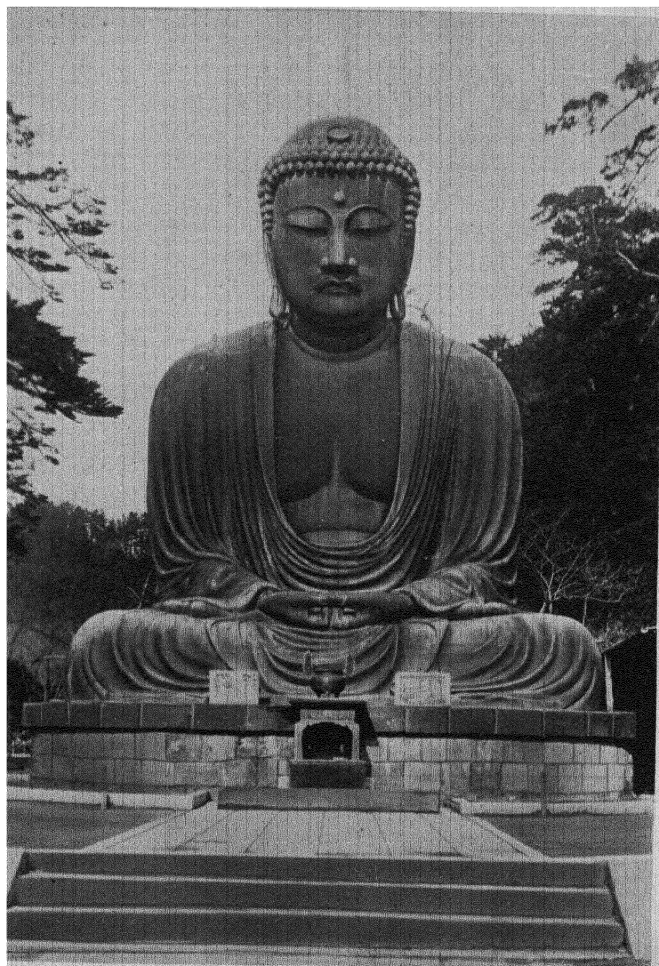
that necessity to beat down the merchant as in other Oriental countries where it is known that, because one is a stranger, the value of the article for sale has been increased by a 100 per cent.

As a matter of fact I believe that the Japanese people are honest as a race and I have always been much struck when I have left coats and sticks in cars while I paid calls, or forgotten things in taxis, to have never lost them. I once forgot a hat in a tiny fishing village of Kyushu, but on writing to the inn where I had stayed received my property by return of post with a charming letter expressing regret at any inconvenience which I might have been caused, and ending up with "yours affectionately"!

Another feature peculiar to the Japanese tourist industry is that those responsible for its activities are psychologists and understand that all classes of travellers must be catered for, including their own people. As I have already pointed out, the Japanese, unlike the inhabitants of many other countries, is a great tourist in his own islands. When the holiday season approaches, men and women from all grades of life start out to visit parts of Japan which they have not seen, those people who are in straightened circumstances grouping themselves into parties for whom special itineraries and accomodation can be supplied at reduced rates. As a result, I suppose, of this daily dealing with exacting travellers, it is realised better in Japan than elsewhere that a satisfied foreign tourist will tell his fellow countrymen to undertake the



is able to plead extenuating circumstances of a port moribund nautically and commercially, although nothing to my mind, and especially in Japan, justifies filth; filth of rooms, filth of linen, filth of food, of crockery, the filth of ages. At the same time it is not so much of material deficiencies that I am trying to speak but more of the atmosphere of indifference towards the guests assumed by the management. The hotel at Kamakura is clean but that is its only asset and the foreign tourist who has spent a long morning looking at temples and statues, or revelling in the beauty of the surrounding scenery, will find instead of the palace hotel, associated with other fashionable resorts, a wooden shack with a lounge like a green-house either packed with noisy people or desolate as the Sahara, according to the time of year. However, probably hungry after hours of sight-seeing, he will proceed to the dining room in search of nourishment. Well . . . I hardly like to describe the food at this hotel but I have been better catered for at lonely inns in the interior of North Africa where the guests were alfa growers, railway hands and such rough folk who merely want to fill their stomachs. Added to this a complete indifference on the part of the maitre d'hotel who, if a complaint is made, will probably be rude, while the manager's attitude is a definite "take it or leave it, it doesn't matter to me if I have guests or not." I once took it for three weeks on end, and left determined never to return again.



The colossal statue of Buddha at Kamakura.



As a matter of fact, though this condition of mind of foreign hotel managers in Japan is more accentuated at Kamakura than elsewhere, I cannot help saying that generally speaking the foreign guest is inclined to be treated as one who is being granted a favour by the hotel management than the reverse, and after carefully reflecting over the matter, I have come to the conclusion that this is due to two definite reasons.

The first, that there are a limited number of foreign hotels in Japan, (most of which are subsidized) so that there is no competition; the second that the attitude of many foreign guests, especially those passing through from East to West, is of condescending familiarity which, while passively resented, is admitted in other parts of Asia but actively objected to in Japan. I do not think that there is any deliberate intention of the foreigner to offend, it is merely a habit engendered by long generations of Western domination in the East. However, the result of this mutual misunderstanding is a corresponding familiarity and "take it or leave it if you don't like it" on the part of the Japanese hotel manager. The guest is, of course, in the wrong but the hotel manager is still more so, as if a hotel is to prosper the visitor must invariably be in the right.

There is a third reason for this mentality of Japanese keepers of foreign hotels which I have not yet been able to control but which I believe begins in their initial training, which seems to

be based on too hard and fast rules, a kind of fundamental idea that the objects of the hotel business should be to draw up a set of regulations, which must be enforced under all circumstances and, to make as much money as possible out of the clients without ever studying their psychology, (and if there are two things which cause a guest to flee at the earliest opportunity they are a list of irksome regulations which make him feel uncomfortable and a sensation that he is being robbed). Some people come to hotels prepared to spend money, others have money to spend but need attention and full value in return, a third category (which is often in the majority) is composed of men and women who have not much money, but if they find the hotel prepared to meet them half way, will make such publicity that the small reductions will be amply repaid. Great hotel companies like the Ritz and Claridges in London and on the Continent go out of their way to encourage a certain class of people of small means to come to them as guests on reduced terms, knowing that the word-of-mouth propaganda will draw the richer fry who will more than compensate for a few minor sacrifices in daily rates, for though hotels spend a large proportion of their budget on advertising the best advertisement in the world is Mr. X. or Mrs. Y. who, on meeting friends, say "Now whatever else you do, when you go to Z., stay at the Q. hotel."

Paradoxically the keepers of Japanese inns, be they in big cities or in the country, cannot

do enough for their guests, begging them to return and, when they happen to have foreigners staying with them, will go out of their way to prepare European meals.

The managements, likewise, of the Chosen and South Manchurian Railway hotels appear to have studied the psychological side of the question and are in every way superior to their colleagues in Japan. During my visit to Korea and Manchoukuo I found the greatest courtesy and consideration on the part of the staffs of the Yamato and Chosen hotels, who not only did everything possible to make my stay agreeable but, owing to the fact that I had inadvertently told a local reporter who interviewed me that one of the best things I had found in Manchuria were the train services and railway hotels, made an appreciable reduction on their tariffs, because, as they pointed out, such publicity was worth a good deal more than my hotel bill; whereas in Kamakura I was made to pay extra because I wanted one cup of tea before my breakfast as well as with the meal.

There are, of course, many exceptions in Japan, but in the bigger tourist centres, disregard for the customer is rather the rule than the exception.

This chapter may seem out of place in a book about Japan's problems, but when one remembers the enormous trouble which the Government takes about tourism, and when one takes into consideration the tireless courtesy of the Japan Tourist Bureau, it is to my mind an

important subject. Those in authority in Japan understand that not only does the tourist industry bring money into the country but that it is also the best medium of propaganda, and it seems a pity that the Japanese, who are by nature so polite, should have their reputation spoilt by a few hotel managers who only require a little training in the mentality of foreigners to bring them up to the high level of their co-workers in the Japan Tourist Bureau.

## CHAPTER VI

### CRITICISMS OF THE JAPANESE CHARACTER

WHILE in this critical mood, I shall continue discussing characteristics which strike the foreigner from the moment he comes in contact with the Japanese, the first and foremost of these being inquisitiveness.

The British and the Japanese, belonging both to races of small island peoples and therefore faced with similar problems, have developed many of the same distinguishing traits. Tenacity, seamanship, thoroughness, determination to succeed, refusal to admit defeat can be seen throughout the history of the two nations, and have been some of the causes for the building up of Britain's Empire in the past and for Japan's rapidly growing expansion to-day. But though similar up to a certain point, in certain characteristics and especially in the matter of inquisitiveness, the two races differ entirely.

The British, as a whole or individually, are utterly unconcerned in the doings of their neighbours and it would never occur to an Englishman, unless specifically ordered to do so, to cross-examine a foreigner officially or unofficially as to his reasons for coming to the British Isles.

Whenever I travel in Japanese territory, I cannot help being struck by the enquiring nature of its people. As long as a man remains in one place, no one seems to mind what he does, but



the moment he takes a train or boards a steamer, everyone is eager to know why he is there.

I am very inquisitive myself, one has to be in my profession, and I am often criticised for my curiosity, so that I am tolerant towards this Japanese desire for information but I know that it irritates some foreigners to be cross-examined perpetually from the moment they set foot within the confines of the Japanese Empire. It is obvious, of course, that the passport officials and their colleagues have a right to make certain enquiries, but even they ask travellers about matters which are quite irrelevant; like the emigration official at Moji who pressed me for my views on the stability of the Chinese Government and the probable reaction of the League of Nations towards Japan's reorganisation of Manchoukuo, and the young man of the Customs Service who examined my baggage at Antung and wanted to know where I came from, my destination, my residence, whether I was married or single and my object in coming to Manchuria. Perhaps Moji and Antung are dull places with little opportunity for social recreation for Government officials? Anyway I did not deny my inquisitors a little free amusement and added a certain amount of gratuitous information, with anecdotes about my childhood and the occupations of my relatives. Even the fact that I carried letters of identification from three Government sources in Japan would not satisfy the thirst for information of the water police at Shimonoseki, who seemed to regard with the

greatest suspicion my statement that I thought the Japanese were reorganising Manchoukuo with judgement, or that I saw prosperity in the future of the New State. While some months later when I was shipwrecked on a lonely coral island of Japan's mandated territories a Japanese policeman complete with sword appeared as if by magic and would have on the least provocation asked to see my passport, which I had incidentally left on the sinking vessel!

What is rather hard to understand is that the Japanese do not admit reciprocal questioning and close up like oysters if any inquisitiveness is shown on the part of foreigners. Once when travelling in a train in Manchuria, I had to hurriedly produce my War Department pass after asking an officer who spoke English about the doings of the Kwantung Army, feeling instinctively that he was considering seriously the advisability of an escort to take me into custody. Contrarily when the identity of the enquirer is known, nothing one wants to know is withheld, and during the whole of my stay in Manchoukuo, I was not only told the official news but staff officers actually showed me maps and gave me all details of bandit drives and the plans for the proposed Jehol campaign two months before it was scheduled to begin.

But if one is not known or acts in a manner which is in the least suspicious, or if someone whispers that one's motives in coming to Japan are obscure, then at once spy-phobia declares itself until the unfortunate man or woman,

though probably perfectly innocent, is persecuted out of the country. This spy-phobia is a trait in the Japanese character which staggers an Englishman when he first comes in contact with it. Being inclined towards internationalization of the world, which I nevertheless admit to be an idealistic and quite impracticable state, I have never been interested in matters connected with the secret service, realizing that espionage does as much to create ill feeling between states as secret arming, although looking for spies where they do not exist is not the best remedy to misunderstandings of this kind. The question of this spy-phobia in Japan is not usually discussed, but I feel nevertheless that my appreciation of the Japanese character would be incomplete without a few remarks on the subject.

The League of Nations, though an excellent institution for the purpose of easing political tension through the intermediary of talk, can never really succeed in completely solving the international problems of the world, because nations, however friendly, will always differ in those fundamental characteristics which make it impossible for two races to look at things from the same point of view.

To make the drinking of alcoholic beverages in America a criminal offence is incomprehensible to a Frenchman, an Italian cannot understand why it should be necessary to muzzle public amusements in England on Sundays, a Japanese finds it hard to explain why there should be all this fuss in Europe about the covering of the

human body when bathing, while the Englishman in Japan is completely baffled when he is arrested for carrying a kodak in, what only appears to him to be, a district of particular scenic beauty.

I remember once in mid-winter finding myself at Hoshigaura, Dairen's seaside resort, and noticing the sea frozen all along the coast wished to photograph this phenomenon of nature which I had never seen before. A Japanese friend, who accompanied me, however, drew my attention to the notice which informed the public that this was "a strategic zone" and therefore a prohibited area for photography.

"But surely," I exclaimed, "in the summer when the beach is crowded with holiday makers there must be dozens of snapshots taken all along here?"

"I don't know about that," replied my friend, "all I can tell you is that the rule forbids anyone to take photographs in this area."

"And what a silly rule!" I laughed.

My companion smiled too but only said, "One summer when I was in England I spent a very hot after-lunch visiting Windsor Castle and, being thirsty, went at about three o'clock to have a drink of beer. After unsuccessfully trying three refreshment rooms I discovered that alcoholic liquors could not be sold between two and six. What a silly rule, I cried, but nevertheless it was a rule and rules are made to be obeyed."

There was, of course, no reply to my friend's anecdote, but though it is evident that no nation

wants a new military invention or the entrance to a naval base deliberately photographed with a special lens or from an aeroplane, there is a great difference in this kind of picture and the mere snapshot of a coast line or a fishing village. A Japanese, or a member of any other nation, who photographed the British fleet at anchor at Spithead, or took pictures of the coast towns of the Isle of Wight, (though in the centre of one of the most important strategic zones in the world) would not be molested. Neither would it enter anyone's head to query a foreigner visiting Portsmouth or Aldershot and, outside the actual dockyards and arsenals, carrying a dozen cameras and I once had the occasion to spend the greater part of an afternoon watching battalions of Japanese photographers taking picture of a British battleship as she lay alongside the quay at Yokohama without anyone on board paying the smallest attention.

Before the Great War there were continual spy scares in France and Germany, but penalties and restrictions of all kinds did not prevent the General Staffs of both nations having excellent maps and plans of their respective countries at the outbreak of hostilities, which had been procured by the simple method of going to shops and buying them in peace time! I very rarely take photos myself, for when I require pictures to illustrate articles I go to a Japanese Government office and obtain far better prints than I could ever hope to produce with my own kodak,

However, the fact remains that this spy-mania stays implanted in the minds of many Japanese; many there are also who realize that it *is* a mania which does no one any good, for as long as it lasts it will breed reciprocal suspicion. No one wants to have a war with Japan, no one wants to have a war with anybody, but as long as harmless tourists, business men and even diplomatists of friendly nations are stopped and taken to police stations when they are merely making souvenirs of the beauties of Japan, an atmosphere of irritation is bound to be created.

I am, moreover, convinced that these regulations and penalties with regard to strategic zones are relics of some out-of-date legislation when the nations of Europe were anxious to find out how Japan was developing, but have now become as obsolete and illogical as prohibition in America and the licensing restrictions in England. Nevertheless as the funereal atmosphere of London on a Sunday has become part of the national life, so, I suppose, the spy scare must remain second nature to the people of Japan.

There is probably no remedy, unless it is to instil into the minds of Japanese children at school that foreign business men and tourists do not come to Japan to spy but to earn their living or admire one of the most beautiful countries in the world which cries out to be recorded in painting and photography for purely artistic reasons.

All traits in a nation's character are due to

fundamental reasons. The British are not suspicious or inquisitive, as, having imposed their language as the general intermediary of communication on practically the whole of the universe, they can always make themselves understood, and having acquired as much of the world as one country can control, they do not worry about other peoples. The Japanese, contrarily, have a language which is practically unknown outside their own territories. They are, likewise, in a state of spreading out to form a great empire of the East and, being still comparatively young in the ideas of the West, have been brought up to enquire and enquire, not with the object of mere curiosity but to educate and fit themselves to take on the task of one day controlling Asia.

Unfortunately minor officials feel they can abuse the supposed power conferred on them by a uniform and apply their desire for knowledge inopportunately, which is a mistake, as it annoys a great proportion of foreigners who come to Japan and predisposes them against the inhabitants before they have landed.

Misunderstandings of this kind could, moreover, be avoided if the Japanese Government employed foreign advisers to deal with their contact with the Western world.

It is not that in the matter of their own affairs the Japanese need advice, in fact as far as the administration of their own country and its industries are concerned, they are admirably equipped and could, in many instances, serve as examples to Western governments. But with

regard to anything connected with propaganda or presenting a case to foreign states, or in understanding what will be the reactions abroad to different policies, they appear to be in a childhood stage.



## CHAPTER VII

### FURTHER NOTES ON JAPANESE CHARACTERISTICS

I DO not propose writing about Japanese patriotism and Japanese courage in face of danger, or of Japanese resignation in moments of disaster. I learnt all about these qualities while I was in the army. The Japanese soldier and sailor's devotion to the Emperor, the spirit of the Samurai, the determination to succeed against great odds were taught me as a young officer and I do not think that the average Englishman is surprised when he finds these characteristics in the Japanese. What I was astonished to discover in a race with these martial traits was the æsthetic sense, the sense of beauty. It is not, moreover, among a small group of people, as in England that this artistic temperament is seen, for though there are some fine painters of the old Japanese and the modern European schools, the Japanese nation, as a whole, love beautiful things. The viewing of the cherry blossoms, the ecstasies before the temples of Nikko, the veneration for the glory of snow-draped Fuji-Yama is shared by all classes, all professions, all ages of Japanese people. A business man, a retired general, a professor of mathematics will show to his friends some lovely painting which he keeps religiously rolled up in a box, and it is a revelation for a foreigner to

go to the annual exhibition of pictures at Ueno Park and find the galleries seething with people of all grades in life who have come there, not out of mere curiosity but in order to give themselves an hour or more of real pleasure.

Although the British Isles comprise scenic beauties which compare favourably with so-called tourist centres in other parts of the world, there is a tendency in Britain to allow modern industrial developments to gradually deface the country, and though nature lovers protest, hideous towns and grime producing factories spring up with alarming rapidity.

For the past few years the same danger has been manacing the Japanese countryside and though, of course, there are not the same number of manufacturing towns as in the United Kingdom, those that do exist are just as hideous and ruin the district around for miles.

As pointed out, however, the Japanese, not only love their country in a patriotic sense but also take the greatest pride in its scenic loveliness, devoting much of their spare time to travelling about the rural districts admiring its natural beauties. It is not at all an uncommon experience to meet a party of fifty or more Japanese tourists who have clubbed together to buy a reduced "excursion" from one end of the islands to the other, and on holidays the local bus services find it difficult to cope with the crowds of people who have come out from the towns, not only to enjoy the fresh air but to admire the landscape.

The Imperial Government, realizing therefore that developing industry would soon make its way into the remoter districts, (for, with the utilization of water power factories can flourish in the hills, so much so that there are cases where lakes have been caused to practically dry up,) decided that something must be done to protect threatened areas, representative of Japanese natural beauty, from the encroachment of Western civilization and consequent defacement of the country.

A committee officially known as The Committee on the Investigation of Japanese Parks was formed under the presidency of Baron Yoshio Fujimura, and after much deliberation and visits to various parts of Japan selected twelve sites for national parks which were to become sanctuaries for bird and beast and in which nothing could be built without Government consent.

I was once talking to a Japanese student about his countrymen's national love of beauty, and turning to me, he said,

"Yes, I think you can call it a national cult and it is because of this that we continue living in Japanese houses and wearing our national costume, for what could be more hideous than the Western suit of clothes and the room full of furniture? The *kimono* and the *haori* have graceful lines and nothing is pleasanter to the eyes than the bare room with its white *tatami* on the floor and the sliding paper *shoji*. Battleships and business offices are no doubt necessary

to the Japanese in order to keep pace with the rest of the world, but if they forget these traditional ideals of beauty what use our being descended from the gods?"

I suppose that love of beauty and continual bathing of the body are complementary, for in whatever other ways the Japanese may fail it is not in the matter of washing and is another trait which it takes an Englishman a long time to appreciate. I do not know why this should be, but the Orient is somehow always associated with dirt, I suppose, because of the reputation of the Chinese and the dwellers in the Levant, though oddly enough the Arabs themselves lay enormous stress on cleanliness.

In the days when I lived in the Sahara Desert, I used to look upon the nomads as the cleanest-principled people with whom I had ever been brought in contact for, following the instructions of the Koran, they literally washed in sand when water was not available, a process which I have tried to copy in vain. When they did go to a town or into an oasis what an orgy of washing! None of that European conception of lying in a porcelain bath for a few minutes, but half an hour to an hour of scrubbing and massaging in a steaming hammam until every particle of dirt had been removed from the pores of the skin. But when I came to Japan my ideas on the nomad's cleanliness faded, for even to my British mind I think the Japanese carry washing to extremes. I suppose it is the habit of living in such clean houses which makes

the people insist on everything else being correspondingly cleanly.

The Japanese, as far as I can make out, wash on the smallest provocation. The other day I went to tea with two European friends who live with a Japanese family. I had as usual taken my morning bath and I intended repeating the procedure that evening before dinner. However no sooner had I been greeted by my hosts than a maid came in carrying kimonos and said something in Japanese.

"Your bath is ready," announced my friend.

I tried not to look surprised but my friend, realizing that I had been taken aback, continued, "When a Japanese comes home he is expected to take off his European clothes and relax in a kimono, and it is usual to take a bath before eating. I shall have a bath too when you have finished," he added consolingly.

I accordingly undressed and was led to a tiled room on the ground floor with a kind of antechamber in which the maid divested me of my kimono and then, to my embarrassment, followed me into the bathroom. I made a few sounds of protest but she ignored them and, sitting me down on a stool, began soaping my back.

The Japanese conception of a bathroom is not quite ours for, though there is a deep sink let into the floor full of hot water, the bather does not immerse himself therein until he is washed, and goes through all the preliminaries of cleansing sitting on a stool, splashing himself

with water out of a wooden bucket which he fills from the sink.

When the young woman had finished she poured several buckets of hot water over me and abandoned me to my own pleasure.

Later on I became quite used to these habits of cleanliness and thought nothing of bathing before breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea, always with the same procedure of being washed by the maid; the nude body not being regarded by the Japanese as anything of which to be ashamed.

And then suddenly appears as a violent contrast to these lighter characteristics the suicidal tendency of the Japanese of all ages and classes. Japan is, I suppose, the only country in the world where suicide is regarded as an honourable method of departing life. Generals, admirals, statesmen from time immemorial have gone to the next world by their own hands, the story of the Forty Seven Ronins is a classic which every Japanese child learns, and though, nowadays, the authorities are doing their utmost to curb the desires of thwarted lovers and unlucky business men to kill themselves, once the deed is accomplished no stigma is attached to the memory of the unfortunate suicide. (Personally I do not see why a man who is master of his daily actions should not also be master of the time and method of his leaving his earthly life. This belief, however, is not generally admitted in Europe).

Westernization of Japan has somewhat modified the way of committing harakiri and more

modern methods have been introduced. The prosaic or thrifty fling themselves in front of electric trains or turn on the gas, but generally speaking, the picturesque atmosphere is regarded as an essential adjunct to voluntary death and such places as the Kegon waterfall, where Lake Chuzenji hurls itself from dense forests into the valley of Nikko, have been selected for the final step into eternity. During the last few months, however, the Nikko area has lost its popularity in favour of Mihara Yama, an active volcano rising out of the sea in the middle of Oshima isle. Since the beginning of 1933 hundreds of people of all ages and sexes have flung themselves into the smouldering abyss, so much so that it was said at one time that an extra boat had to be put on the run from Tokyo to accomodate the overflow of passengers going in search of death and though this is probably an exaggeration the number of suicides officially recorded on Mount Mihara is exceptionally high.

It is not that the Japanese are a gloomy people, quite the reverse, for in moments of danger or crisis they laugh and joke. It is something fundamentally deeper which makes them feel that death is the only solution to any shameful situation, be it as unimportant as failing in an examination or being made a prisoner of war; though as I once tried to point out to a Japanese friend if such principles existed in England the youth of the country would soon be wiped out and the British Army between 1914 and

1918 gravely depleted. However, like the previously mentioned characteristics, suicide must be noted if one is to try and understand the Japanese people.



## CHAPTER VIII

### MANCHOUKUO IN THE MAKING

A TRAVELLER in a strange land is naturally sensitive to the courtesy of its inhabitants, and is likewise prejudiced by the lack thereof. During my travels in China I had invariably found myself unable to do this or go there, because it was unsafe or against regulations, until I finally gave up in despair trying to learn anything about a country which was governed by people who did not wish to encourage investigators. My surprise was therefore all the more agreeable when, after three months in Japan, I suggested that I wanted to visit Manchoukuo and not only found helpful advice but was supplied with sheaves of introductions, special railway passes and given a general impression that I should be received as a welcome guest.

As I stood on Tokyo station platform waiting for the express to take me on my journey North, I had another glimpse of that Japanese mentality which so many of us of the West fail to grasp.

A group of Japanese men and women of all ages and all classes, some in Western dress, others in kimono, grouped themselves about a railway carriage saying good-bye to two soldiers evidently starting for the Manchurian "front". While a brass band played martial music, the crowd waved Japanese flags and cried out "Ban-

zai!" at appropriate intervals. A warning bell rang and slowly the train glided away from the platform, while the shouts of the people redoubled and the soldiers wept silently at the carriage windows. And as I watched the scene, I wondered at the difference between ours and the Japanese soldiers' outlook on life. Those two men were going willingly to the front, ready to die for their Emperor and for their country, prepared to do deeds of heroism and if captured by the enemy to commit harakiri, but they wept when they left their homes because of that venerative affection for the home which is instilled into the minds of all Japanese. "How then," I thought, "is it possible for the people of the West to judge the affairs of the East? How can we know what is good for China or Japan? The Orientals use our mechanical inventions and copy us in many ways, but they do not tell us how to order our lives or solve our domestic troubles. They realise the impossibility."

I started therefore on my journey determined to try and look at the problems in Manchoukuo from, as far as possible, a non-Western point of view. . . . There is something jolly and happy in the atmosphere of a Japanese train which makes railway travelling for a foreigner a pleasant relaxation. People chat, people sleep, some drink saké, some eat from boxes of food which they buy at stations, others go to the restaurant car.

Watching people having meals always interests me. The British, the French, the Germans

have all of them different manners at table. Two things struck me specially in those dining-cars of the expresses between Tokyo and Mukden. Japanese men do not seem to mind whether they eat foreign food with knives and forks or a Japanese meal with chopsticks, whereas women, I noticed, always had some form of rice dish. There appeared to be no question about this as the husband always ordered the meal without consulting his female companion, and while he drank beer or saké, which the lady always poured out, she invariably had water or tea.

Apart, however, from the interest in watching fellow passengers, the journey itself is a joy to the eyes. The stations through which the train passes are animated though orderly, but even if there were not all these little scenes of daily life, so novel to the foreign traveller, the scenery from the carriage window is an unending delight and makes reading unnecessary. In fact the landscapes between Tokyo and Shimonoski are so varied, so colourful that it spoils one's æsthetic sense for what one is to see on the other side of the Sea of Japan.

Korea is not so ugly, it is hilly, there are rivers, the villages are gay, the inhabitants in their absurd little tall hats, suggestive of clowns at an old fashioned circus, are picturesque; but the moment the frontier is crossed and the Yalu River left behind, one finds oneself in the midst of the most uninviting scenery. Grim, rocky hills, barren and menacing, with sullen villages

peopled by sinister looking men and women, give way to huge plains, fertile but dreary. The thought of being left alone in the midst of these vast expanses is frightening.

The train rushes smoothly along, well heated and punctual, (exasperatingly punctual, for though I have tried to "catch out" a Japanese train being late, so far I have not succeeded. The journey from Fusan to Mukden takes twenty-eight hours and we arrived at our destination to the minute,) but when one steps out on to a wayside platform to stretch one's legs, that terrific cold, unknown in Europe, smites one in the face and one looks apprehensively at the people who have come out of their villages to stare at the passengers. As a matter of fact from a journalist's point of view a little mild banditry would have interested me, but there was not a sign of anything but absolute peace. True that the stations were protected by barbed wire entanglements and sand bags breast works, while a few armed sentries strolled about, but otherwise there was nothing to indicate any state of lawlessness. I discovered later that a big bandit drive had just been completed in the neighbourhood, and a new area not far distant was to be dealt with shortly. These drives, I further discovered, while not immediately eliminating the bandit menace, prevented any big concentrations and were a warning to those who thought of turning brigand, and also made the villagers hesitate before they afforded protection to notorious outlaws. These brigands have, of course, a

tremendous advantage over the Japanese troops in that they can disperse quickly and become outwardly peaceful citizens while the soldiers are about, and an army of much greater strength than is at present in Manchoukuo will be required to deal with the situation efficaciously.

Furthermore, as long as the successors of Marshall Chang Hsueh-liang are not forcibly discouraged from stirring up strife this state of anarchy will be difficult to deal with; in other words as long as the European Powers refuse their recognition of Manchoukuo as an independent state, those in China who have much to lose by the establishment of order in Manchuria will continue to impede any organised government.

The accusations of Japanese wholesale massacres, of which I had heard, were generally discredited by foreigners who knew anything about the situation. Innocent people obviously are killed, but that is inevitable when the bandits are, as pointed out before, indistinguishable from the civilian population and utilize peaceful villages as their headquarters.

However, bandits in any outward or visible form I saw none, and Charles Corkran (Mrs. Pawley's companion in capture) whom I met in Mukden, told me that in spite of his captor's terrible reputation he had been treated with consideration and given food when the bandits had none.

He was refreshingly British over his experiences, refusing to go into any details and

deploring the publicity made over the incident, having refused a London lecturing agency's remunerative offer to give a series of lectures on his experiences.

Mukden is one of the ugliest cities in the world. There are here and there fine buildings which remind one slightly of Tokyo or Yokohama, but the general effect is dreary, long boulevards crossed and recrossed by little streets suggestive of slums and an atmosphere of depression and deadness.

The country round is flat and colourless, and though the iron grip of the Manchurian winter adds to the desolation of the picture, I cannot imagine Mukden as ever being attractive. The Chinese city is alive with people, but they do not look busy and many shops are closed or boarded up. Business is not thriving.

I discussed the situation with commercial men of various nationalities and I heard contrary opinions from each one, until I finally came to the conclusion that the present state and future of Manchoukuo in any individual's mind depended chiefly on how his particular business was faring. For instance members of firms which used to supply the arsenal of the Young Marshall could say nothing too bad for Manchoukuo and the consequences brought about by the proclamation of its independence, others whose sales did not depend on such questions admitted that business was poor but probably no worse than anywhere else, and added that once matters were settled everything would probably improve,

as for the first time there was a stable currency and a sensation that the laws made would be enforced. Banditry had been going on in the vicinity up to fairly recently, but gradually a feeling of greater security was developing as the troops, at first rather taken aback at receiving regular pay and proper uniforms, began to understand that military service was a profession not merely dependent on the whim of local war lords.

During my wandering in the interior of North China I had frequently come in contact with ragged bands of the so-called Chinese army, ill-disciplined, unscrupulous bodies of men who lived on the people or, if the fancy took them, looted a town or district. They had no respect for anyone, for how could they when they had no respect for themselves? Now, in Mukden I saw these same soldiers properly dressed in warm clothing, well-fed and regularly paid, walking about conscious that they could command respect, not because they were armed but owing to their position as defenders of their country. I always think that it is a pity that the League Commission did not come incognito on their journey of investigation and take a walking tour in Japan and China. I have done both and do not wish to repeat the second experience.

I regret to say that this praise cannot be made on behalf of those groups of Manchoukuo police which have no nucleus of Japanese in their ranks. At Harbin, for instance, they slouch about apprehensive of bandit raids and at the

smallest alarm run away or watch indifferently while foreigners are attacked. There is, moreover, no redress, as, if those victimised appeal to the Japanese they are told that it is a matter for Manchoukuo to deal with, and as Manchoukuo has not been recognised as a government or a state, the foreign consular representatives have no one to whom they can complain.

Having found out all that I could from the Japanese and foreign community in Mukden, I decided to hear what the Chinese had to say, and through the courtesy of a friend was able to interview the Mayor of Mukden, a man with a worried expression and intelligent eyes. He received me in a very un-Chinese room packed to its limit of capacity with deep arm-chairs suggestive of a smoking room in a London club. Mr. Yen wore European clothes but could, himself, speak no English, whereas his secretary, Mr. Kimpson Yu, dressed in a Chinese gown, spoke fluently and readily about the plans to make of Mukden the great commercial city of Manchoukuo. "A second Shanghai", he proudly announced, which seemed to me a worthy but rather ambitious aspiration. However I was shown concrete plans for the creation of a greater Mukden, fifteen miles long by eight broad, with schemes for boulevards, tramways, water works, sewers and electric light plants. New schools are to be set up where everything including English, Russian and Japanese will be taught, with a better system I hope than in



Japan, where the teaching of foreign languages, though no doubt excellent in theory, is almost negative in results.

The greater Mukden scheme is to cover a period of ten years, but is at present handicapped by lack of funds, for the New Government cannot begin taxing again as did the Young Marshall who bled the country white to suit his own ends and left the people destitute, while his bandits have made it impossible to reap the crops, so that until things are more settled food shortage will remain imminent.

As I left the Mayor's office, I suddenly became aware of a pair of very sharp eyes which scrutinised me, and looking more closely at the gowned gentleman realised that he was a Japanese in Chinese clothes!

Rather tired of investigation I decided to go out and do a little sightseeing. Motoring outside the precincts of the town was reputed to be unsafe but I wanted to see the tomb of one of the earliest Manchu Emperors, so I disregarded warnings and, accompanied by the local editor of the Tokyo "Asahi", drove out to Pei-ling. It was one of those sharp dry mornings with the thermometer degrees below zero, but a bright sun which caused one to blink at the reverberating glare of the snow. There was no wind and an atmosphere of peace pervaded the country, suggestive of Christmas in England. The only evidence of unrest was the barbed wire "chevaux de frise" which one saw everywhere ready to be thrown across the road, and Japa-

nese troops occupying the buildings of a local university.

The tombs of the early Manchu Emperors, that is to say, of those who ruled Manchuria prior to the establishment of the Ching dynasty on the dragon throne in Peking, are not nearly as fine as those of their descendants in China. There are the golden tiles, and the courtyards and the marble animals guarding the main avenue, but though much better kept up than the mausoleum of Malanyu, there is none of that impression of magnificence, of gorgeous conceit which made the later monarchs have themselves buried in veritable palaces which could only be rivalled by the Forbidden City itself. Three hundred years since the Chings started on their career of conquest which was to give them power over the whole of China, and I could not help wondering whether the Chief Executive of Manchoukuo, descendant of the man before whose grave I stood, was destined to revive again the dead line and retrieve for China some of her past glory. It cannot be said that democracy has been a success in the Far East, or for that matter that it has done much to improve the status of people in Europe, for no one can deny that China was better off under the rule of her emperors than under that of the numerous governments which now vie with each other for power.

Outside the avenue which leads up to the Pei-ling Mausoleum stands a lodge gate, suggestive almost of the entrance to some country

house in England. The garden or park is surrounded by a fence which, on closer inspection, reveals itself to be composed of strands of live electric wires; iron gates heavily bolted protect a sandy drive from intruders. There was something derelict and mysterious about the place which intrigued me, so I asked my companion to whom it belonged.

“Marshall Chang Hsueh-liang’s country residence.”

I was at once eager to go in and see this villa, of which I had heard so much in connection with the gay life led there when the Young Marshall still held sway over Manchuria. The guard who peered at us through the bars of the gate was easily persuaded to admit us and we walked into what must once have been a delightful pleasure park. The drive swept round a deserted tennis-court and opened out before the front door. There was no one about, so we walked in. Empty houses have something sad about them, but there was something more than sadness in the deserted rooms of the Marshall’s villa, an atmosphere of tragedy in those walls from which most of the paper had been stripped, a kind of piteous shame in the dismantled bath rooms and the broken marble mantelpieces. It was quite easy to reconstitute the dining room and drawing room, the study and the kitchen, while upstairs the master’s bedroom with its private bathroom and on the other side of the landing suites for guests, or were they for wives and concubines?

What secrets did these dilapidated rooms hold, what scenes of revelry or orgy had they witnessed? To what an ignominious end had all this life of luxury led this man who lived on the money which he extorted from the unfortunates who starved in the great plains of Manchuria, while behind his live wires he believed himself to be safe.

Somehow that deserted villa with its electric defences gave me one of those vivid impression which it is not possible to formulate in words, but revealed something which neither pamphlets nor speeches can convey, . . . mediæval tyranny, Manchuria of the past. And the same afternoon a glimpse of the future . . . the main street of Mukden cleared of traffic, the car of the British Consul held up, pedestrians hustled on to the pavement to allow a Japanese general and his staff to drive from the railway station to the Japanese Consulate. It might have been the Tzar of Russia in Moscow before the war; while again another contrast inside the foreign club, the British and Americans with a few other foreigners leading a life aloof from the political doings outside, grumbling because the bandits interfered with their going to the golf club, hopeful for better business after the New Year, allowing nothing to upset the equanimity of their lives. The ambitions of the Japanese, the aspirations of the Manchoukuoians, the intrigues of the Chinese were their own business, and provided they did not interfere with the daily life at the club, why bother about other people's affairs?

At a rather sordid night club to which I was taken in Mukden, I noticed that the Europeans and Americans grouped themselves on one side of the hall and the Japanese and Chinese on the other. I do not blame these people for keeping themselves to themselves, but it merely makes me wonder how any of us of the West can contemplate deciding what is good for the East when even the foreign inhabitants do not know anything about the lives of those with whom they are in perpetual contact.

It has been decreed that Manchoukuo shall become independent, she has at the head of her government one of her own people, hereditary descendant of the Ching emperors, her ministers all belong to the country, and if the Japanese are helping to put things straight, why interfere? Interference will help no one, for as I shall explain in a subsequent chapter, the Japanese have committed themselves too far to retire even if they wished to.

After all, what France has done in Morocco has produced excellent results, the situation when she started was much the same as in Manchuria, bandits, extortionate taxes, corrupt rulers; but there was no one to interfere in North Africa, so the country has been developed under French protection and now runs itself.

Manchoukuo is bandit-ridden and paralysed, but a feeling of greater security is growing daily, a conviction in the minds of those who

think that a stable government exists which is there to help the people, which is not the case in any of the many districts of China which I have visited.

## CHAPTER IX

### WHAT THE NEW GOVERNMENT IS DOING IN CHIANGCHUN

WHEN I said in the previous chapter that Mukden was the ugliest city which I had ever seen, I had not visited Changchun, (or Hsinking as it is now called) the new Capital of Manchoukuo. Mukden is like Paris compared to the dreary, dirty desolation of the streets of Changchun, though I expect that in a few years' time when the new state, with the aid of the Japanese, has rebuilt the city and made it into a second Tokyo, and when the foreign legations or consulates are established, people will laugh at this description. At present the place has no redeeming feature, not even an hotel to be compared to the Yamato at Mukden, or the semblance of a social community. Long dusty streets, practically unmetalled, spread out like the spokes of a cart wheel from the station, intersected by Chinese slums, filthy beyond expression; there are even fewer motor-cars than in Mukden and the rickshas are supplanted by little victorias drawn by shaggy ponies wearing that curious harness suggestive of Russia. The drivers look like the worst type of bandits in their furry caps and long padded coats, their ears protected by little muffs which add to their Satanic appearance. The cold grips and binds the earth, the sun rises feebly, makes a pretence of shining and

retires again discouraged behind the desolation of the great plains of central Manchuria. I am sure that any other nation but the Japanese faced with the problem of reorganizing, or rather creating, anything approaching order under such conditions, would give up in despair. There appears to be no sort of basis on which to work beyond human enthusiasm.

It may be asked why Changchun was chosen as the capital and not commercial Mukden, where the palace of the former emperors still stands, or frivolous, modern Harbin. The reasons are twofold, the first being that Changchun is the most central city of Manchoukuo and better strategically situated at the junction of the South Manchuria and Chinese Eastern Railway lines, as also of the line to Korea via Tunhua; the second that Mukden, being the headquarters of the late government, still has adherents to the old régime among, what are known as, the arsenal people; furthermore, the province of Kirin is the cradle, so to speak, of the Manchu race and in the city of Kirin itself there remain quite a number of old Manchu families.

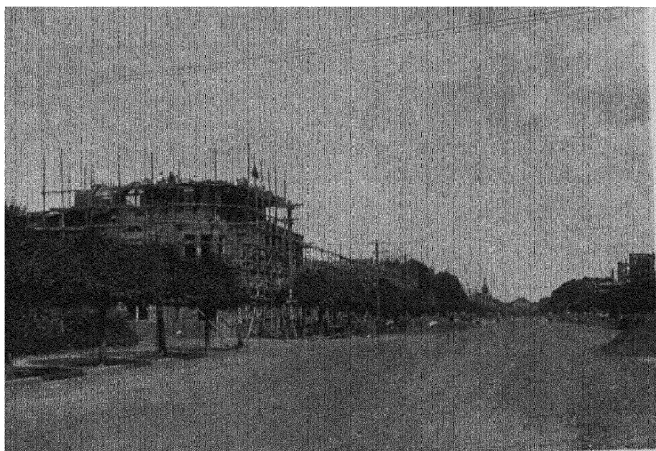
However, whatever the advantages or otherwise of Changchun as a capital, here it is established and the government is hard at work making of it a city worthy of the New State. For the moment most of the government offices are housed in old schools and business premises, in fact in any buildings in which they can sit at tables and keep out that winter cold which has to be felt to be believed. Naturally it is all



rather a picnic, reminding one of the divisional and corps headquarters of the suddenly expanded New Army in England in 1914. There is likewise the same bustle, the same fevered rush associated with the early days of the war, the same intense desire to produce immediate results from raw material in the shortest possible space of time. No one seems to rest at Changchun, there is an air of concentration, of grim determination to succeed at all costs which makes one realise more than anything else that Manchoukuo is going to come successfully out of the trials regardless of all the obstacles which stand in her way. It is rather overawing to see the task which Japan has imposed on herself and, whatever may be one's feelings on the subject, it is impossible not to be lost in admiration for the way in which the problem is being tackled.

Under the guidance of an intelligent Chinese official of the Manchoukuo foreign office called Ma Meng-hsiung, I visited the buildings in which the government is at present housed. We bumped along in a tiny victoria while our feet became numb and our noses red, but somehow the interest in all I saw made me forget the dust and the cold and the smell of the bandit driver.

When we had inspected all the "godowns" in which the officials worked, my guide directed the cabman to take us to the buildings under construction. We turned away from the dirty streets and, leaving the city, came into an open space on a rising piece of ground. It was then that my vision of Changchun of the future



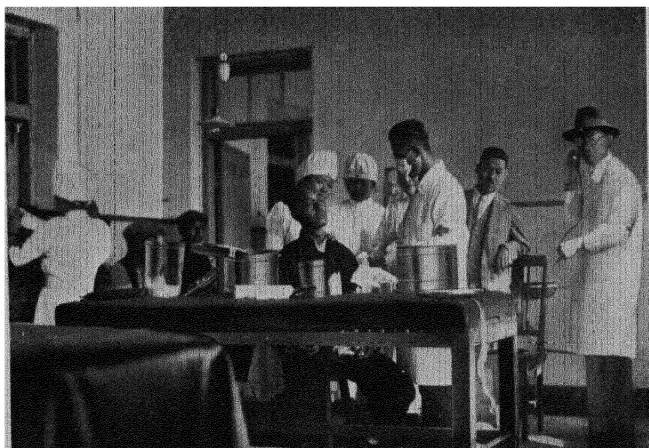
New buildings in the course of construction, at Changchun.



New Changchun in the making. From these surroundings the modern city has now appeared.



**Japanese feeding temporary bandits who have surrendered.**  
*(on the right)* Spear used by the fanatical Big  
 Sword Bandits in Manchuria.



**Treating Chinese in Japanese field hospital.**

sprang before my eyes; for rising up among scaffolding poles were two great edifices reminiscent of Tokyo. There was no question of their being temporary buildings, but good solid structures into which Mr. Ma and I penetrated and found long broad corridors with spacious offices, large windowed and light. The most modern systems of ventilating and heating were being installed, the concrete walls and stairs defied fire, and even in their unfinished state an atmosphere of dignity and order prevailed. I was impressed. My companion explained to me what ministries would occupy these shells, and further went on to say that later on living quarters for the staff would be constructed at no great distance, with a house for the Chief Executive, barracks and suitable roads, drains, electric light plants etc., and I could in my mind's eye see a modern city growing up outside old Changchun, with hotels and shops and legations or consulates to accomodate the representatives of foreign countries.

Details of the proposed administration of affairs in Manchoukuo were explained to me by the head of the Bureau of Information and Publicity at the Foreign Office, a charming person called Mr. Kawasaki, one of the few men of foreign nationality I have met who really possesses the English language. His was not just a good colloquial knowledge or a correct manner of speaking, but a real ease in talking as if he were using his mother tongue, and somehow his whole manner encouraged frankness and a

liberty to ask questions without fear of causing offence.

He told me all there was to tell about the civil administration, showing me charts, giving the relations of each government to another, the proposed budget with the estimated revenues and expenditure, in which of course lies the future consolidation of Manchoukuo.

Up to the present the rapacity of the Manchurian War Lords has been the curse of the country, for by that incredible system of printing almost valueless paper money, with which those in authority bought the produce of the country from the farmers and then sold it for silver, they enriched themselves and ruined the people.

The budget for the relief of the flooded area was interesting, and as I noted the gift of ¥ 40,000 from the Mikado for the help of the sufferers, I could not but think of the Chinese relief funds which never went further than the pockets of those appointed to collect them.

The Yamato Hotel at Changchun is an interesting and amusing place. When the South Manchurian Railway Company built it some years ago, it was regarded as an extravagance, to-day it is by the merest of luck that any one can obtain a room there for the night, so much so that the management has been obliged to set aside two sleeping compartments on the railway line to accomodate overflow. The hotel, itself, serves better meals than in many restaurants in Tokyo and is packed to the limit of its capacity with government officials, journalists, writers and

foreign missions come to see what is happening in Manchoukuo. The bar and public rooms resound to rumours; paper men hurry about trying to control news or steal a march on their colleagues; in the tea room a meeting of the Government is held; in the grill-room an official banquet. Ministers, generals, business men, reporters rub shoulders in an atmosphere of happy inconsequence. With the exception of a few of the servants there are never any women in the Yamato Hotel!

During my fortnight's stay in Changchun one unattached young lady suddenly appeared as a guest and there was greater excitement than if General Chiang Kai-shek had walked in and asked for a room. Rumours began to fly. According to the reception clerk the lady was a French journalist, but as her French was faulty and the director of the Information Bureau had not been notified of her arrival, she became a Russian spy, until the head of the Soviet press in Changchun declared she was not Russian. The French military attaché from Tokyo, on a visit to Manchoukuo, was seen talking to the young woman in the passage of the hotel and she was at once branded as a secret service agent, from which she graduated to all degrees of villainy and virtue until, when I left, it had been decided that she had no political or journalist motives in coming to Changchun but merely thought it might be a good place to find a husband!

What a contrast to everything else in Chang-

chun is the Headquarters of the Kwantung Army, which must not be confused with the Ministry of War, for though it is from these offices that all military operations are directed, it is purely Japanese and deals only with the Japanese Army. . . . A long passage into which lead countless offices, and along the walls of the passages pegs, and on each peg a little cap with a scarlet band and a great samurai war sword; orderly bustle everywhere, officers hurrying to and fro in an atmosphere of intense efficiency, such is the first impression of G. H. Q.

I was received by Major Fujimoto who literally bounced into the waiting room and, seizing my hand, stared up at me with intelligent piercing eyes, and I could not help smiling as I thought of the contrast with the last occasion, when I had seen him in one of our Service Clubs in London in the days when he was Japanese Military Attaché. After a few preliminary politenesses he abruptly asked me why I had come to Manchoukuo, and in the same tone I replied. There was no more question of diplomacy, we were two army officers of the same rank and we spoke to one another as such, which was another unexpected insight into Japanese character. When I decided to visit Manchoukuo I thought that I would find it easier to obtain information if I discarded my military rank and assumed my title of "Special Correspondent", but I found that I was quite wrong. The fact of being a journalist rather interfered with my freedom of movement, but as a regular

officer on the retired list, the General Staff of the Army of Occupation did everything humanly possible to assist me.

Without further ado Major Fujimoto produced a map of Manchuria and, in the manner of an officer explaining a tactical scheme on manœuvres, began telling me what the Japanese Army was doing to suppress the bandits. In the first place there are four different categories of brigands who must be dealt with in different ways if the menace is to be permanently destroyed.

There are first of all the regular bandits, and the so-called volunteer corps, financed and armed by Marshall Chang Hsueh-liang's followers, which operate in some sort of military formation and are more or less disciplined. These troops must be fought to the death, as they are too well paid by China to be won over by propaganda, and as long as they exist, they will remain a menace to peace and order. At the same time their annihilation is not going to prove an easy task, as they are in a position to receive supplies and reinforcements, while the precipitous nature of the country helps the commander to carry on a guerilla warfare, and it is difficult to get these troops to stand and fight out a definite battle.

"The Chinese Army, you see," said the Major sadly shaking his head, "will only fight if it is surrounded or has its retreat cut off by some natural obstacle. When these conditions can be brought about, we can have a proper



engagement, and though it may cost us men, it ends decisively in our favour, unfortunately the situation rarely arises and before we can come effectively into action the enemy has dispersed into the hills!"

The second group of bandits are those who are professionals and whose means of livelihood has always been brigandage. These men must also be dealt with ruthlessly as they only respect force. Here again there are terrific difficulties, as it is hard to meet them in battle, and when regular troops appear they scatter and, to all outward appearances, become farmers or peaceful villagers.

The third and fourth categories are the people who are unemployed or hungry and turn bandit to earn a living, and the religious bandits, the Big Sword and Red Spear Men, fanatics who fight for a vague cause, believing that their charms and amulets will protect them from bullets.

These last groups are dealt with chiefly through propaganda. That is to say the armies operating against this type of brigand are accompanied by a propaganda corps and an administrative corps. The propaganda corps explains to the villagers, most of whom are temporary bandits, about the new State and the objects of its government, while the administrative corps reorganizes the schools, placing selected Manchoukuo teachers to develop the education of the children, who up-to-date have only been taught anti-foreign propaganda; they

likewise build roads and bridges, finding work for the unemployed and form defence corps to protect property from the attack of regular bandits.

Any temporary bandit who surrenders voluntarily is disarmed and found some sort of employment, and if there is no work available, is given some money to keep him from immediate want.

I asked Major Fujimoto if he had any statistics of results achieved, to which he replied without hesitation that from reliable secret service information there were 210,000 bandits in June 1932 and at the end of the year 85,000,\* and that in spite of the floods last summer and the fighting in North Manchuria the bean sales for 1932 had only decreased by 20 per cent, which was evidence in itself of what was "squeezed" out of the farmers by bandits before the situation was taken in hand.

The troops employed to deal with the pacification of the country amounted to 40,000 Japanese regulars, 120,000 Manchoukuo forces and 110,000 police, but up to date there has been insufficient time to train the local troops to fight unsupported by regular units. However, when they have a small Japanese force behind them, the Manchoukuo soldiers fight just as well as their instructors.

"What about Russia?" I asked.

"Difficult to define their attitude at present," replied the Major, "they disarmed the Chinese

\* This number has since been reduced to 56,000.

volunteers who went over the frontier at Manchuli, but they have moved reinforcements round to the Eastern frontier of Manchoukuo. We shall see what happens when we attack the bandits in that district."

"But the Young Marshall's followers are supplying the Western Volunteers all the time, so unless you can deal effectively with the root of the evil, you will always have that menace?" I ventured.

Again my companion smiled.

"Is that a leading question?" he enquired.

"If you like."

"Well I don't think that I am in a position to answer," he replied slowly. "Certain people in China, are doing all in their power to render our task impossible, but we have no quarrel with China, and unless she forces our hand and brings about a war, we shall confine ourselves to Manchoukuo territory."

I met Major Fujimoto on several occasions and always found him ready to give up his time, though evidently overworked, to discuss the situation. I got the impression that he wanted to be frank with me and let the world in general have the facts of the Manchurian embroglio placed before it, and I could not help feeling how humiliating it would have been for Great Britain to have had bands of foreign journalists descending on her shores during the middle of the last century to enquire the why and the wherefore of her doing this and going there. Of one thing I am sure and that is that

the newspaper men would not have received the courteous attention paid to them by the General Staff and the Foreign Office which I received during my stay in Manchuria.

The task before the Japanese in this new State is tremendous. In addition to the volunteers and the bandit, the inhabitants are ignorant and suspicious. In the country villages they have no idea what is going on and can hardly differentiate between Japanese and Europeans, many of the rural people have never seen a foreigner. Up-to-date, they have always been exploited and oppressed, so that it will take years of material results to convince them that the days of tyranny are over. Then, apart from the immediate and local difficulties, there is the League of Nations and the Powers of Europe and the U.S.A. which must be considered; for in spite of what may be said, the Japanese are anxious to conform to world opinion which, owing to ignorance, is contrary to sense.

## CHAPTER X

### CLOSE-UPS OF SOME OF THE MEN WHO CONTROL THE DESTINIES OF MANCHOUKUO

MILITARY barracks be they at Aldershot or Sidi bel Abes look much the same, in fact the headquarters of the Kwantung Army at Changchun reminded me of the famous infantry barracks of the Foreign Legion.

A many-storied red brick building with the Imperial Chrysanthemum badge in gold above its doorway, a spacious parade ground dominated by rows and rows of windows, soldiers hurrying about or falling in for squad drill or musketry, khaki and rifles everywhere. But though to all intents and purposes these buildings are barracks, they likewise comprise the offices of the Commander-in-Chief and general staff of the Japanese Army in Manchuria.

I carried a letter of introduction to General Nobuyoshi Muto in his capacity of Ambassador to Manchoukuo, but as I visited him at the army headquarters, it was in the role of Commander-in-Chief that he received me! The Embassy and the ambassadorial offices are next door to the barracks, so that His Excellency can hurry from one building to the other according to the business he wishes to transact. However, in spite of my letter emanating from the Foreign Office in Tokyo, I was taken up to

the General's room by a Major of the General Staff who bowed me into his presence.

General Muto sat at a broad desk in a long-windowed, light room, and rising as I entered, greeted me friendly. Small in stature with a sad, almost weary look in his eyes, the Commander-in-Chief rather suggested a retired British general than a fierce queller of bandits, he spoke softly with an old world courteous charm.

We sat down, and lighting cigarettes, sipped black tea with sugar, which I suppose was served in my honour in place of the usual green tea, and then slowly the General began asking me questions about my life in the army, my reasons for visiting Japan and Manchoukuo, until I suddenly realised that it was *I* who was being interviewed. However, once I had satisfied his curiosity, I began asking him his views on the situation. For a while his replies were non-committal, and then as if suddenly unable to remain the diplomatist any longer, he leant forward and said earnestly: "Does no one realize, do your fellow countrymen not understand that this "Red" menace which we are fighting in Manchoukuo is a danger to the whole world? If we do not help these people to establish a strong state in Manchuria, the Bolshhevik propaganda will overrun the whole country, and once that accomplished, how easy to make of China a centre of revolution, and then what? Surely it should be for England to encourage Japan to carry on with the work she is doing. Your country would not like to have a "Red"

neighbour to India, and even laying aside political thoughts, cannot the British see that a peaceful, well-organized Manchuria and North China, rid of its War Lords, will make business prosper? We have no territorial ambitions, all we want is to create a country which will ward off the Bolchevick menace and it seems to me only sense that the rest of the world should see things as we do."

The General lapsed into silence and a resigned, almost sad smile spread over his face as if he was thinking: "What's the good of saying all this, these people are biased and it's no good trying to convince them by words." We parted a few minutes later and I could not help feeling attracted by this courteous old gentleman with whose views I was much in sympathy, and when I heard of his death I was as grieved as if I had lost a great friend. I did not meet General Muto more than four times but on each occasion I felt drawn towards him. His whole personality was one of charm which at the same time inspired respect.

I do not think that however long I may live, I shall ever forget Lieutenant-General Koiso, Chief of the staff to the Kwantung Army.

He is one of those tremendous men, mentally and physically, whose personality would be felt in any country and under any government. Broad shouldered, thick set, with a round closely cropped head, General Koiso looks at his visitors with sharp eyes sparkling with intelligence and sense of humour. When he speaks it is deci-

sively, and when he laughs it is because he is amused; there is no soft diplomacy about the Chief of the Staff, he knows what he wants to say, and he says it in as few words as possible.

Curiously enough, while I was introduced to the Ambassador by a soldier, I was presented to the Chief of the Staff by a member of the Diplomatic Corps. Whereas I had bowed to General Muto, I instinctively stood to attention when General Koiso came suddenly into the room, and I remained rigid until he had finished looking me over, and then taking the proffered chair, sat down, feeling rather as I had when a Sandhurst cadet on a ceremonial parade at the Royal Military College, and glanced nervously at my boots to see if they had the regulation polish. . . .

General Koiso did not wish to know anything about me (he had probably found out all he wanted before I set foot in Changchun) and he began at once telling me all about what *he* was doing, of what *he* was going to do; talking rapidly and convincingly without any polite preliminaries. Every now and then his eyes would become set in a hard, menacing stare, and as soon again twinkle merrily, it was impossible not to be attracted and dominated by his personality.

He spoke bitterly about Marshall Chang Hsueh-liang's policy in North China, his lack of foresight in continuing to stir up strife in Manchoukuo and his stupidity in challenging and provoking the Japanese Army.



"Japan has no quarrel with China," he said decisively, "and we shall do all in our power to avoid open conflict, but if Chang Hseuh-liang and his gang continue to make trouble and attack our troops without reason, then we shall know how to deal with the situation!"

His mouth closed with a snap and I felt that if he had been able to speak English fluently he would have said, "If I could get hold of that damned little swine I'd wring his neck!", which, moreover, he could do with the greatest of ease, for not only is General Koiso mentally superior to the effete, little Marshall but he is a man with a pair of hands made to be feared by anyone who is not very strong.

I do not know if General Koiso will ever have the opportunity of boxing Chang Hsueh-liang's ears, but I would not like to find myself that man's adversary in peace or war. He is a comparatively young man and I am certain that, if some fanatic does not prematurely end his life, his name will be world-known before long.

The Foreign Office at Changchun appears to have once been an hotel, for it has a great marble slab bar in the entrance hall, behind which numbers of Chinese doze. Whereas, at the Kwantung headquarters, the visitor's card is immediately taken and presented to the person on whom one is calling by an alert Japanese orderly, at the Foreign Office nobody takes any notice of callers, and unless persistence is shown half an hour may pass before one of the

comatose Chinamen will rouse himself to see if one can be received.

Mr. Ohashi, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, struck one of those sudden contrasts with the men of G. H. Q. which make life amusing. A squat little chap, wearing the orthodox tail-coat of all Japanese government officials on duty, but who spoke on the most unexpected subject. The decay of idealism in the world!

"Modern inventions and what we call Westernization have been the ruin of the East!" he said in deliberate, studied English. "Machinery is taking charge of us and soon we shall be the slaves of what we have created. Look at Tokyo roaring with tramways and taxis. Can one sleep there, can one meditate, can one be oneself?" As he paused and stared thoughtfully at me, I ventured to suggest that Manchoukuo might be a very good opportunity to start a state based on Ohasian ideals.

"Too late," replied the Vice-Minister without hesitation, "we are caught up in the cogs of Western civilization and we cannot extricate ourselves. Can *you* escape from it?" I nodded, and began to tell of my voluntary exile in the Sahara Desert among the Arabs who did not allow worldly complications to bother them. The Vice-Minister listened attentively, and as I left, said meditatively: "Well, when all this is over, and if I have a little money to spare, perhaps I will come and join you in the desert. It might be a solution to life's problems."

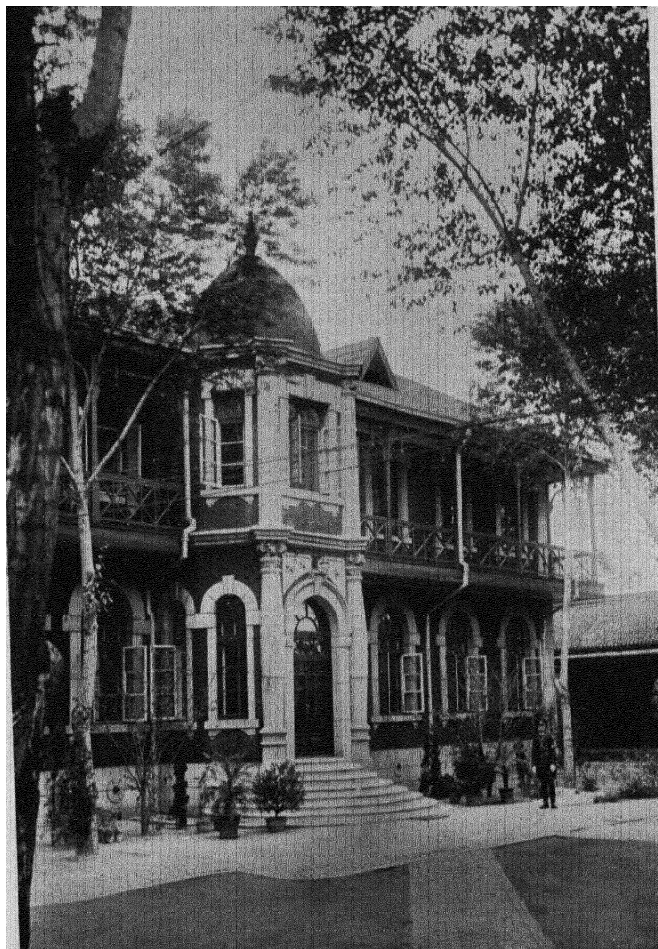
But though Mr. Ohashi spoke in this un-

orthodox manner, I have a shrewd suspicion that while perhaps an idealist at heart he has one of those extremely practical brains which do not count for nothing in the reorganization of Manchoukuo. . . .

The Chief Executive of Manchoukuo, His Excellency Mr. Henry Pu-Yi, is one of the most difficult men to approach. This is due to two causes. The first being journalists. Now, journalists are either gentlemen or cads and, though regrettable to note, it is the latter category who are regarded as the most successful. Unfortunately Mr. Pu-Yi has experienced these sensation hunters who, regardless of any finer feelings, have blundered into his house, asked him impertinent questions and written up an article making fun of his government, his clothes, his intimate thoughts. It seems incredible that men who are outwardly quite pleasant folk to meet, should forget the first principles of decency for the sake of what they consider to be humorous copy. However, the main consequences of this behaviour has been for the Executive of Manchoukuo to be distrustful of anyone who asks for an interview on behalf of a paper, and to generally refuse to see journalists.

If I was received it was by disclaiming all connection with daily newspapers and promising only to talk on matters unconnected with politics.

The second reason why Mr. Pu-Yi is difficult to see is a matter of bureaucracy, for in spite of the unique opportunity to make of Manchoukuo a model state where formalities no longer exist,



Residence and offices of H. E. Mr. Henry Pu-Yi.



**Temporary Home Office, Changchun.**



**Temporary office of Legislative Council, Changchun.**

little by little offices have multiplied, so that whereas a comparatively short time ago an intending visitor could make a direct application for an interview, everything has now to pass through a ceremonial department, and I know not what else, to obtain the desired audience.

The Chief Executive lives in a big rambling building of many courtyards, once the offices of the Salt Gabelle in Changchun, suggestive of a dingy edition of the lower officials' quarters in the Forbidden City. Before reaching the presidential quarters I had to pass through a number of minor offices and was finally ushered into a large waiting room filled with settees and little tables, rather like a sitting room of a provincial hotel in England. A number of Manchoukuo officers in neat khaki uniforms of Japanese cut sat about drinking tea and, rising ceremoniously as I entered, bowed and returned to their tea. A nice looking old gentleman with a kindly smile, I think it was the Prime Minister, hurried into the room, made a comprehensive bow, and hurried out again. It was my turn.

I walked across a series of bitterly cold courtyards, and was led into a smaller building, up some stairs, along a passage and into a comfortably furnished sitting room in the middle of which His Excellency Mr. Henry Pu-Yi stood, and coming forward smiled at me in a friendly way as he scrutinised me through tinted glasses. I had a number of vivid impressions which followed each other so quickly that they all seemed one: long beautiful hands, a high fore-

head, great frailty of body and an excellent cut of clothes. Mr. Pu-Yi is usually depicted in the press as wearing a stiff collar, a sombre morning coat and a stove pipe hat which do not do him justice, but to-day he appeared quite different in a smart blue suit which obviously came from the hands of an English cutter; they were not just well fitting clothes but had that unmistakable stamp of England, the silk collar and tie and shoes were also clearly of British inspiration, in fact I suddenly felt very shabby in my old travelling suit.

We sat down and I realised that he looked doubtfully from me to the interpreter, evidently expecting some leading or impertinent question, but when I began asking him about friends we had in common in North China, his whole attitude altered. He seemed to relax, and in a few moments we were laughing together with the greatest cordiality, for though he spoke to me through the interpreter, it was quite clear that he understood every word I said. His Chinese had a strange, soft intonation quite different from the harsh sounds to which one is accustomed in the street, and his intelligent eyes were alive as he questioned me about my travels. There was a great charm about his personality and at the same time something unmistakably imperial in his bearing, which all the hardships and disillusiones he has endured could not efface.

I was sorry to say good-bye, but I realised that in spite of his cordiality Pu-Yi looked

weary and none too well. My friend Mr. Ma Meng-hsuing, who interpreted, told me that the Chief Executive was at work from early morning until late evening, tiring himself out in the conscientious accomplishment of his duties.

Having kept my promise about not talking politics to Mr. Pu-Yi, I felt that I was justified in asking Mr. Ma (who is a Pekinese of the old régime) about the Presidential household. He informed me that many of the old court officials, of the days when the Imperial City was still imperial, had returned to their former master, that his servants came from Peking and that he had an excellent Chinese cook. Mr. Ma moreover always addressed the Chief Executive as "Your Majesty", but did not kowtow or walk backwards out of the room. What seemed to me a pity was that, as this little court had been formed, the old time costumes had not been revived; Chinamen wear their black and blue gowns as a matter of course, so why enforce European clothes when the national dress is so much more picturesque? However, as the Japanese discard their kimonos as soon as they leave the home, there must be some good reason for this outwardly peculiar habit.

But whether the ceremonial dress is revived or the form of government altered, the Chief Executive has the brains and the personality to be a great deal more than a mere figurehead, and I feel certain that with a little good fortune he will succeed in leading the country of his forefathers to prosperity.



## CHAPTER XI

### GLIMPSES OF UNOFFICIAL LIFE IN MANCHOUKUO

A JOURNALIST or an investigator wishing to find out what was happening in Manchoukuo could spend the whole of his allotted time in Changchun and write up his reports from what he heard in the public rooms of the Yamato Hotel, or from statements issued at the Kwantung Army Headquarters. What he wrote, moreover, would probably be a fairly accurate statement of the situation. Being, however, of an inquisitive and suspicious nature, I decided that I would desert the seat of government for a while and try to obtain impressions of life where Manchoukuo, so to speak, was not.

Accompanied, therefore, by a Japanese friend to act as interpreter, one Ikegami by name though usually referred to as Harry Johnston, (his command of English and his dress were in no way Oriental), I set out for the Agricultural Experimental Station of the South Manchurian Railway at Kungchuling. The contrast was as of war and peace, Arcadian tranquility and roaring industry. The director of the experimental station met us in a brougham, drawn by a very fat horse, into which we squeezed ourselves and forgot that we had feet or hands or ears, while our breath condensed and became ice on the windows with twenty degrees below freezing

outside. A group of research workers greeted us at the entrance of the estate, and at once began to show us round.

The Kungchuling agricultural station was founded by the S.M.R. in 1912 and experiments in every kind of branch of farming from the growing of *kao-liang*, flax and soya beans, to horse breeding and sheep farming. In the laboratory we were shown samples of soil from every district in Manchuria, crops graded according to fertilisers, wool developed from mangy native fleeces to heavy merinos. The results of the experiments were astonishing, and though up till now the horse breeding has not given really appreciable results, the sheep and the pigs have been developed from skinny ewes and scraggy sows to fleecy merinos and fat hogs worthy of Australia and Berkshire.

The pleasantest part of the visit, however, was the atmosphere of rural peace and detachment from the rush of government-making; for though the estate was surrounded by barbed wire entanglements and there was evidence of armed guards about, these Japanese agronomists did not seem to be concerned about the future of Manchoukuo from any other point of view than the results which they could produce from agriculture, an excellent augury, it seemed to me, for the New State.

Y 250,000 are spent a year on this experimental station, and well spent, for it is almost entirely by farming that Manchuria lives. As we drove back to the station in the brougham,

it seemed difficult to believe that General Koiso and the Kwantung Army really existed.

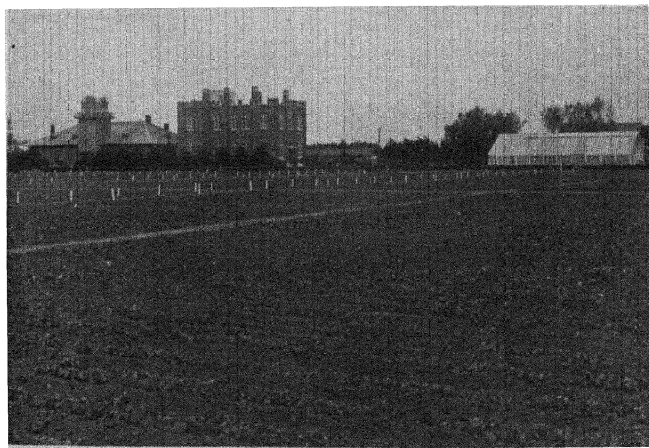
My next expedition took me alone to Harbin in an aeroplane. I dislike flying on principle, but Major Fujimoto having placed a special machine at my disposal I could not but accept, all the more so as it meant taking only one hour and a half to make the trip, instead of eight hours in the train. Unfortunately I was not informed that this type of machine had no room for baggage, so that when I arrived at the aerodrome with my suitcase, I found that it was impossible to take it with me. This considerably disturbed me as I was due to dine at the British Consulate General that night, which I could hardly do in knickerbockers! After some discussion it was suggested that I should take the requisite garments out of my bag and carry them on my lap. This I did and astonished the Staff Officer who came to meet me at the snow-clad aerodrome in Harbin by appearing out of the aeroplane with a dinner jacket and trousers over one arm, a shirt under the other while in my hands I carried shoes, collars, ties and toilet requisites!

If the agricultural station was one kind of contrast, Harbin was another even greater, especially after coming so quickly through the air. Changchun is Japan in the midst of China, Harbin is Russia. The buildings, the notices, the cabs, the cab drivers, the food in the restaurants, the beggars are all Russian. In the hotels and shops and cafés, even at the station

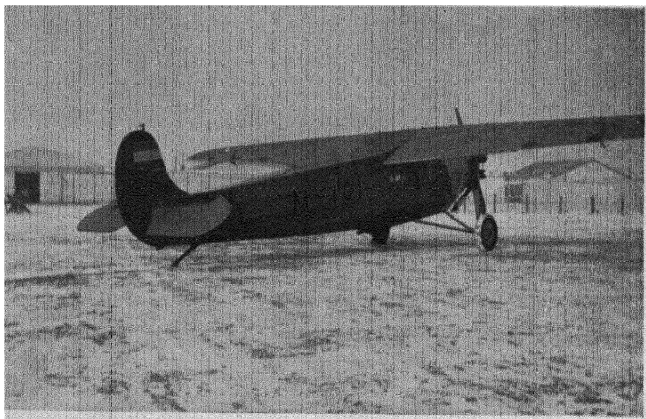


#### KUNGCHULING

Manchurian pigs which are crossed with Berkshire hogs,  
producing excellent results



Experiments with the soya beans at Kungchuling. Each row  
of beans is marked with a white labelled post stating  
the fertiliser and seed used.



The Manchoukuo aeroplane in which the author flew from Changchun to Harbin.



Bridge across the frozen Sungari at Kirin.

Russian is the only language, and whereas in other parts of the Far East English is the intermediary of conversation, in Harbin it is Russian.

Not so long ago Harbin was referred to as the Paris of the Far East, now it would be better called the Whitechapel. (The floods in the summer of 1932 having aggravated what was already moribund.) It is all squalid, from a kind of barrack-like place which is called, I do not think ironically, the Hotel Moderne, to the main shopping street infested with beggars of all ages and all sexes who are obviously starving. It is heartbreaking, for starvation and want with the thermometer registering forty degrees below freezing is something too grim to think about. There is a tense, apprehensive feeling as one walks about the streets with one's moustache caked with ice, everyone seems to be on the alert, almost everyone is armed. I went to a dance at the foreign club, where all the men carried revolvers and a special squad of Russian police watched the door and scrutinized everyone who came in. After dining out the host asks his guests if they have pistols, if anyone says "no," one is lent to carry home. The hall porters in private houses and at flats carry mausers strapped to their waists!

It is an unbelievable change from the orderly security of the areas controlled by the S. M. R. and it will take a long time for the Japanese to place Harbin on the same status as Changchun or Mukden.

The only pleasing sight in Harbin is the

great Sungari river frozen feet deep across its entire breadth, and over which piedzas, little vehicles on sledges, are propelled by Chinamen with long poles.

Kirin, the capital of the province of that name, to which I journeyed from Changchun, is the most attractive place I saw in Manchuria. Picturesque in setting, with wooded hills all round and the Sungari River, narrower than at Harbin, lapping, or rather at this time of year, freezing its walls, it has something of the Middle Ages about it, and like the agricultural station, lacks any of that rushing bustle of Changchun. One still sees Manchu gentlemen in their native dress and Manchu ladies with their hair piled into a tiny topknot in which is stuck a flower.

Kirin originally owed its importance to the fact that about three centuries ago (before there were roads or railways in Manchuria), the water course of the Sungari was a menace from Russia, and in consequence a wooden fleet was built by the Chinese at Kirin to parry any encroachment from the North. On some maps the town is still marked with the Chinese characters which mean "chuan chang", signifying shipyard.

This district is infested by brigands, but the Manchoukuo Government is spending much money on making roads and developing the city, for with the new railway (built by the bandits who have surrendered) which links up Tunhua and Tinto, the main line from Changchun to the Korean coast places Tokyo thirty hours closer to the capital of Manchoukuo.

I was entertained by the Japanese Consul General in Kirin, who had once been "en poste" in America, and the Colonel of the garrison, who had travelled extensively in England and had also been Military Attaché in Washington. They took me to dine in a Japanese inn which had been ingeniously encased inside a stone building, so that there was all the atmosphere of *tatami* and *shoji* and likewise warmth, which a Japanese house in this merciless climate could not have afforded. We had *sukiyaki* and *saké*, while *geishas* danced or twanged the guitar. A most enjoyable evening trying to pretend we were in beautiful Japan, and I could not help feeling sorry for these two lonely men who had experienced the gaieties of great cities, exiled here in an ice-bound provincial town surrounded by the most desperate type of bandits, for as the Colonel said:

"It is'nt as if they were proper troops with whom we could have a battle and get it over; these chaps wander about armed only with revolvers and spears or shot guns, and sweep down on us unexpectedly when we are at a disadvantage."

Manchoukuo is being built up as a great new State but I doubt whether anyone realises at what cost and discomfort to the Japanese troops who hate cold.

The history of the S.M.R. is the history of Japan in Manchuria. I felt, therefore, that before leaving the country I must make a visit to the headquarters of this immense organization in



Dairen, and see the great men who directed its policy.

The S. M. R. is, I suppose, one of the best run railway companies in the world, and after travelling in its smooth, punctual trains or staying in its up-to-date hotels, and later experiencing the discomfort of the dirty, dilapidated, slow coaches which form part of the Chinese Eastern Railway and sampling the hotels which are not under the direction of the S. M. R., it should be evident why, if for no other reason, Japan should reorganize Manchoukuo.

Furthermore, the moment one crosses the Manchurian border and comes into the Kwantung leased territory and sees the neat villages, the trim farms, the good roads and the absence of fortifications round the stations, what can be done for Manchoukuo is clearer than any propagandist speeches.

I carried an introduction to the President of the S. M. R., but as he was absent I was received by the Vice President, Mr. Hatta, a stocky little man who would probably pass unobserved in the street, but whose personality was unmistakable the moment he began to talk; with bright intelligent eyes, a decisive way of speaking, and prepared to answer questions, I felt that the excellence of those trains was probably a great deal due to this Japanese who rarely took a holiday.

Mr. Hatta placed me in the congenial care of an American member of his staff, a Mr. Kinney, Jr., the son of *the* Mr. Kinney who has

done so much for the S. M. R., and sent me off to visit Port Arthur. We motored over one of those first class roads, usually associated with England and, debouching out of a tunnel, came suddenly on to the scene of that seige which, barely thirty years ago, woke the world up to the realization of Japan's place as a Power to be counted with. But how small it looked, what a miniature battle field; the whole area no bigger than that of a minor engagement during the Great War which would not have received front page attention in the press. And yet as I stood on the summit of the precipitous hill, the scene of the final Japanese assault, I could not but marvel at the achievement of this nation, then untried in modern warfare, which without aeroplanes or the artillery of 1914 captured what was thought to be impregnable.

The Japanese Government has kept Port Arthur practically as it was at its fall. The old Russian Officers' Club has been converted into a museum filled with war relics, the damage by shell fire has not been repaired, some of the forts have been preserved with their concrete dug-outs battered by H. E., even the shell holes remain as a memorial of what Japan did the first time she faced the West.

Nevertheless Port Arthur is a depressing place, as since the headquarters of the Kwantung Army moved to Changchun it has been deserted.

Before leaving for the North I visited Hoshigaura with a Japanese friend who showed me with pride this fashionable Manchurian seaside

resort, at this time of year, however, quite empty and the sea frozen all along the shore.

My few days in Dairen were busy and the authorities went out of their way to make me feel welcome and at home. I addressed the Rotary Club, composed entirely of Japanese members, I dined with Japanese friends and experienced the night life of Dairen, which is tame, the night clubs having rather the same atmosphere of respectability as a Palais de Danse in suburban London, with the same system of tickets and the same aloofness of the dancers. Dairen feels infinitely colder than North Manchuria as, in addition to the low temperature, there is the dampness of the sea air.

I was sorry to leave Manchoukuo, for though in winter it is a hideous, frozen country, there is something inspiring in watching the new state growing, to see organization superseding disorder; and I hope that I shall return to watch the rearing of the child which has had such an interminable infancy.

The Japanese are patient and able tutors who deserve the admiration of the world, but as in Japan they need the assistance of advisers in their dealings with the outer world, so they do all the more in Manchoukuo. Technicians they can supply themselves, who will guide the new government in all the intricacies of administration, engineering and military training, but they cannot do this in matters of foreign relations, which at present are of vital importance to the development of the country.

## CHAPTER XII

### KOREA

HAVING seen all I could in Manchoukuo, I decided that it would be interesting to visit Korea, in order to obtain an idea of what Japan could do when she took over a foreign country and administrated it herself.

I had the good fortune to carry with me, as well as introductions to the Governor-General and other high officials, a letter to Mr. Yasuma Oda of the Foreign Affairs Section in Seoul, who spoke fluent English and not only was a fund of information but so arranged things that I was able to see many aspects of Korean life in a comparatively short space of time.

Seoul itself is a strange mixture of modern and ancient, of telegraph wires and tramways adjacent to venerable gates and crumbling walls; for unlike Peking, which has never spread further than its original perimeter, Korea's capital has devoloped into a huge commercial city, and the gateways of olden times now find themselves in the middle of boulevards.

The Governor-General and the local government work in one of the finest public buildings which I have ever seen. True, the edifice masks some beautiful old palaces, but it is so magnificently proportioned, the marbles and the paintings have been so artistically conceived and

executed that it does not look out of place against its background of jagged hills.

General Ugaki received me in one of those model offices which one would expect in such a fine building. Both soldierly in appearance and manner, he spoke to me very much in the same way as a British officer of the same relative rank, urging me to make a special study of Korea if I wished to understand Japanese colonial policy.

General Kawashima, the Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Chosen asked me to lunch at his headquarters, where he had assembled a number of Japanese Staff Officers. General Kawashima was an almost exact replica of a brigadier under whom I had served in India before the war, and his way of talking was also reminiscent of my ex-commander, in fact the whole atmosphere of that luncheon reminded me of the comradely feeling of our Army-Corps messes during the war.

The foreign diplomatic representatives in Seoul are Consuls and, unlike the majority of their bretheren in other countries, live in splendour; it is, true, a rather decayed splendour like that of the Korean royal palaces, but still with a certain "air" about them. This is due to the fact that prior to annexation there were foreign Ministers in Seoul, for whom a compound of legations, with residences for the staff, had been built, which are now partially occupied by the Consuls. The Western foreigners, however, appeared to be in a very great minority and did not seem to count at all as a community.

My best insight into what Japan has done in Korea was through a visit to a Scotchman called Fraser, owner of a gold mine at Nantei. After a three hour journey from Seoul in a well-heated, smooth running train, I was met at a wayside station by a car, and driven some forty miles across snow-draped hills and through fertile valleys peopled with white-clad farmers wearing those absurd little tall hats made of gauze, which look like fly traps. The country had a prosperous, peaceful aspect, the surface of the road was good, the farmers appeared to be well-fed, and though at first, remembering lonely drives in China, I watched apprehensively for bandits, I gradually realized that in spite of the wild appearance of the mountains, I was now in Japanese territory and therefore safe. I found moreover that in spite of the remoteness of the gold mine from towns, my host lived in a comfortable house with all modern conveniences and, like all Britons in foreign lands, had created an atmosphere of home which had nothing of Korea about it.

Though I have done a good deal of shooting in various parts of the world, I had never before found a place where sport could be indulged in with such little trouble.

Korea abounds in all kinds of game, and one of the first things which impresses the traveller on landing at Fusan, are the booths on the quayside where pheasants are sold in bunches. The reason for this abundance, I believe, is that though Korea has certain densely populated

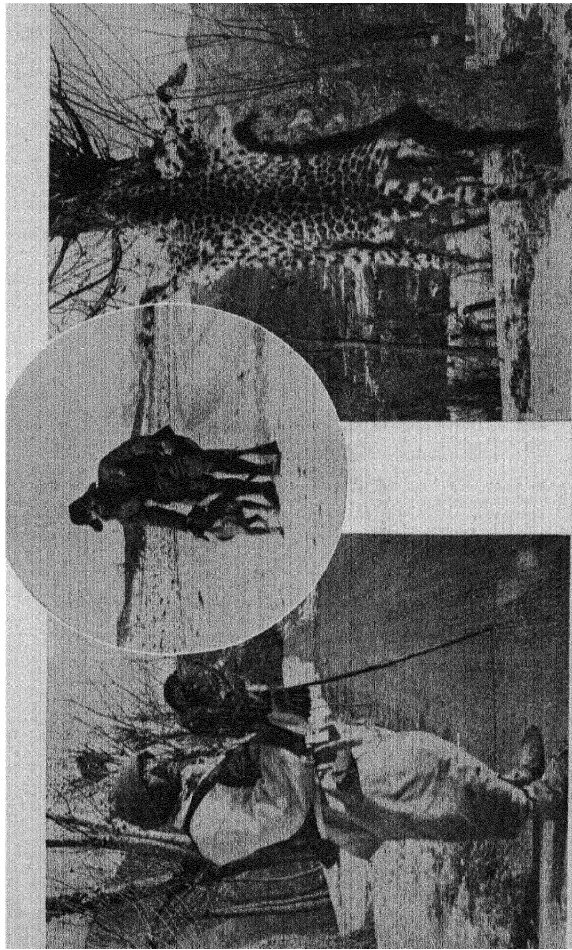
areas, other parts are sparsely inhabited, and even in the districts where there are numerous villages, the game is little molested as the majority of Koreans are forbidden to carry fire-arms.

As a result of this restriction the local sportsmen, dressed in their white robes, go after pheasants with hawks, securing large bags, which they sell as a means of livelihood.

Ever since I had kept my own hawks, as a young officer in India before the war, and later developed my taste for this sport in the Northern tracts of the Sahara, falconry had interested me, so that the thought of seeing the people of Korea making a business of hunting with birds filled me with eager anticipation.

The hawks used, appear to be large peregrines and are carried on the forearm of their owners, unhooded. Having starved the birds for forty-eight hours, they are taken out along the hillsides at dawn and at dusk, when the pheasants come down from the woods to feed in the snow-covered fields. For some reason the pheasants are not at all wild, so that it is an easy matter for the falconer to fly his hawk at the game almost before it has time to get up. The peregrine, being a powerful bird, finds little difficulty in killing its prey, and by the end of the day the falconer can return with a large enough bag to take to market.

It is, admittedly, not the same sport as in India or in the Sahara, where the game has usually a chance to escape, but it is interesting as showing how this method of hunting can be



**Korean falconer with his hawk which he carries unhooded.**

**Skin of leopard shot in the vicinity of Nantel, Korea where the author stayed.**

**The author shooting pleasants with local sporting dog. The cap in the picture gives an idea of what should be worn to keep warm.**





put to a profitable means of livelihood, as the Korean nets his falcon and has no overhead expenses in the way of arms and ammunition.

In the neighbourhood of large towns, however, where there is a big Japanese population, birds and beasts are massacred for fifty miles around. At the same time the Japanese Government is doing all it can to preserve game, and enforces the observation of closed seasons, the shooting of pheasants being only allowed between November 1st and February 28th, and other game from October 1st to March 31st.

Pheasants, wild duck, pig and deer are found practically everywhere in Korea as well as occasional leopards; geese also make their regular appearance and in certain areas there are sand grouse, while in the Northern and little inhabited districts there are black bears, wolves and long-haired tigers. This latter animal is most difficult to shoot or capture as it lives in dense forests on the sides of precipitous hills, lying up most of the day and only coming out at night. There is only one specimen in the Seoul Zoo which was picked up as a cub by a little Korean boy, who took it home thinking it was a cat and kept it for some time as a pet, and it was only when the animal started to grow unexpectedly that the presence of this mysterious creature became known and was discovered to be the much prized woolly tiger which had hardly ever been captured alive. Though obviously of the tiger breed, the head and markings do not resemble the Indian animal. This Korean species

is prized not only for its skin, which fetches a high price, but for every portion of its body, the blood and the heart being drunk and eaten, while still hot, by the natives who believe that they will thus gain courage, while the teeth and claws are carried as amulets.

However, whereas the hunting of tigers and bears requires a certain amount of preparation including the hiring of professional trackers, which is quite feasible but takes time, the shooting of small game and pig can be had immediately on reaching Korea.

After tea on the first day of my arrival, my host suggested that we should go out in the car and shoot pheasants, it was getting dusk and it seemed rather late to set out for any kind of expedition, but my companion appeared to be confident of good sport. As a matter of fact, during the two hours we were out, we did not leave the main road and shot four pheasants within a hundred yards of the car, and we saw a good many more which we did not trouble to go after. The birds were usually feeding in the fields at the edge of the woods. We would stop the car, take off our heavy coats, load our guns without the game taking any notice, walk quietly across towards the birds until they got up, shoot and return to the car.

On other days we went walking up the game through young pine forests, (the Koreans like the Chinese always cut down trees without replanting, and the Japanese are now reforesting the country, so that the hills are covered with

what really is an undergrowth in which trained dogs are essential), we shot pheasants at our pleasure, occasionally a snipe, and every now and then, coming to rivers where the current had broken the ice, put up quantities of wild duck. These birds are much wilder than the other game, and it required a certain amount of careful manœuvring to get within range. I also saw a great grey bird of the crane family, which feeds in flocks beside the rivers and is shot for the meat much relished by Koreans. Dining out one night in a restaurant in Seoul, I was served with filets of this bird's flesh grilled on a brazier, and found it to taste something like venison.

All this peaceful life in the Korean interior was a soothing relaxation after my six weeks of watching the new state in the making, and likewise a revelation, giving me a kind of vision of what Manchuria might be in the future.

Manchoukuo is, of course, an independent country under Japanese guidance, whereas Korea is a colony, a part of Japan where Japanese interests come first which brings me to that oft-repeated question, "Will Japanese interests come first in Manchoukuo?" The logical answer is "Yes", for as Japan has expended money and human lives in the reorganization of the country she should expect preference. That, however, may not, in the long run, bring her the advantages she anticipates. Time and again was I asked by statesmen in Manchoukuo whether foreigners would invest capital in the new state, and I replied each time, that it depended entirely

on how it was intended to treat foreign traders. If, as in Korea, there were to be preferential tariffs which more or less excluded foreign firms from working on a large scale, outside capital would not come to Manchoukuo, but if there was to be a square, fair deal with the same terms for everyone, investors would be only too glad to find business openings.

The Japanese can never colonize Manchuria. The standard of living in Japan has risen so much above that of China, that even if the Japanese were anxious to expatriate themselves, which they are not, they could never exist on those great cold plains under the same conditions as the Chinese. In cities like Mukden and Kirin, where there are business opportunities, the Japanese residents have increased in numbers during the past year, but that is all that can be hoped for. Why, even in Korea, the Japanese population does not exceed 600,000 among 21,000,000 native inhabitants.

Japan has a great opportunity at the helm of Manchoukuo, and if she plays her cards well, if she continues along the same lines as she is now following, I have no doubt in my mind that the results achieved will justify the attempt and benefit the world in general.

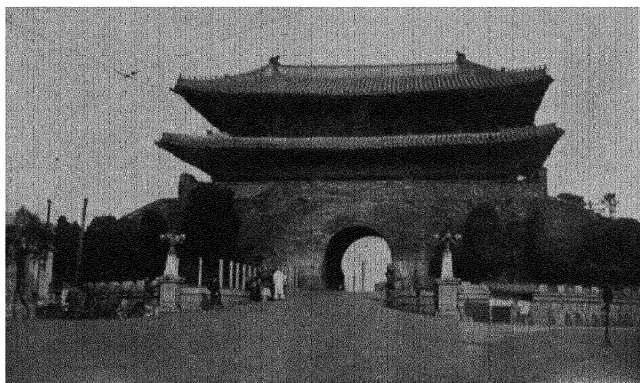
Before leaving Seoul I was entertained at dinner at local restaurants, where for the first time I sampled the food of the country, and discovered it to be quite unlike a Chinese or Japanese meal and not as good. The dining room floor, instead of being matted with *tatami*

as in Japan, was made of some kind of oilcloth, heated from underneath, so that by the end of dinner the room became intolerably hot. Korean *Gesang*, or singing girls, entertained us with drums and discordant guitars and were as different, with their smoothly parted hair and long flowing skirts, to the smiling *Geisha* of Japan as the food. Their expression of face was placid, and there was little of that femininity of their sisters in a Japanese inn where I dined with Mr. Tanaka, Foreign Secretary to the Chosen Government. It was a peculiar evening as our host was giving two dinner parties himself in the same building, as well as being guest at a third, so that he rushed from room to room and drank or ate with his hosts or guests for a few minutes at a time.

The Geishas were as jolly as the Gesangs were gloomy, and whereas in the Korean inn we had nothing but native music, the ladies of Japan sang us their own versions of popular American ditties, and later danced with us to the strains of a squeaky gramophone, while Colonel Nishihara of the General Staff sang *café concert* songs in excellent French. What struck me most about these Japanese girls was that they never became coarse or rowdy, but remained essential womanly, which is one of the most noticeable characteristics of the Japanese women. A gentle, engaging femininity which no other race as a whole possesses. One of the last pictures in my mind of this trip, was the early morning spectacle in the train sleeping-car

of Japanese ladies, young and old, dressing their husbands who, like children, allowed their wives to look after them.

Seven weeks after leaving Japan, I returned to its hospitable shores and relaxed in its soft climate, while my eyes, weary of contemplating barren hills, revelled again in the greenness of the picture-book scenery.



#### CONTRAST OF EAST AND WEST

This South Gate once marked the confines of old Seoul, now it has been absorbed in the modern city and one can see tramway wires and telegraph poles contrasting with the venerable gate.



#### CONTRAST OF EAST AND WEST

In the background the magnificent Japanese Government offices of Seoul, while in the foreground a Korean with a long pipe and dressed in the traditional white clothes passes modern Japanese school girls.





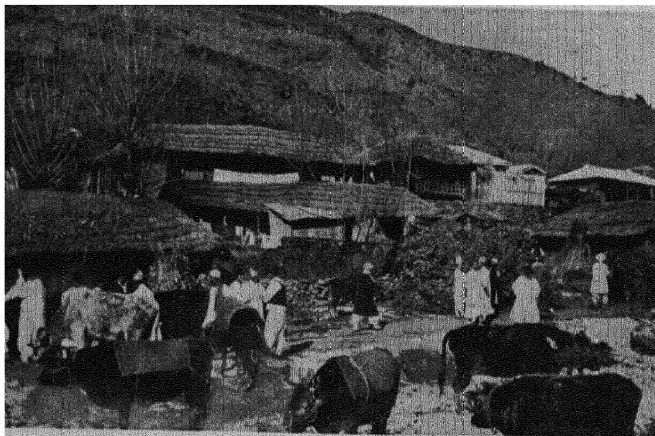
A Korean village market.



Peaceful scene in a Korean village.



A Korean village market.



Peaceful scene in a Korean village.

## CHAPTER XIII

### QUERIES AND CONTRASTS

WHEN a man has lived for a certain time in a foreign country, his eyes become so accustomed to all about him that the habits and the ways of thinking of the people amongst whom he finds himself, cease to cause him surprise.

When I first went to live in the Sahara, I had no ideas about writing books and looked only for escape from a rather disillusioning world. The desert, the nomads, the life in the Oasis were all delightful surprises to me, but little by little my senses became attuned to the beauty of the scenery and the customs of my Arab friends, so that I wondered at the mentality of the tourists who took snapshots of what had become part of my daily life.

Then one day Michael Joseph and Stacy Aumonier came from London to stay with me and after sharing my solitary existence for a few days and, seeing with stranger's eyes what to me was all a matter of course, both asked why I had never written about my experiences as a nomad of the Sahara. I hardly listened to my friends' remarks until, as he was leaving, Michael Joseph assured me that if I could produce the book he could have it published. The result of this talk was my "Algeria from Within", but though this book delves into all the problems of the French in North Africa and

shows the Arab as he really is, I shall always regret that I did not attempt the work during the first weeks of my sojourn in Algeria, when contrasts between my experiences in the desert and those of a few months previous in Paris and London would have made amusing reading. "Algeria from Within" started me on the career of an author and also caused me to make a resolution that other countries which I visited would be annotated in preparedness for the contingency of writing a book. Japan, therefore, was encountered with an open note book, a poised pencil and a mind comparing what I saw with the same type of thing in England.

I have already referred in the pages of this volume to certain fundamental differences between the British and the Japanese way of thinking as it concerns their curiosity and their inability to make their case appetising for European consumption, and I shall now endeavour to deal with much more trivial matters, but which also show marked contrasts in the customs of the two countries.

The first comparison really takes the form of a query. How do the Japanese work all day, win international athletic contests and wage war under the most rigorous conditions on the food which they eat? Personally I like Japanese food and have lived on it for weeks on end when I was not taking much exercise, but from a British working man's point of view, it is the kind of nourishment associated with the feeding of chickens. An English soldier on active service

is entitled to a pound of meat and a pound of bread a day, but I do not believe that a Japanese soldier ever smells a beefsteak. I remember an English officer describing to me how a Japanese column advancing into Siberia had a ration of rice issued to each man daily, which, with a pickled plum, sufficed him for the twenty four hours, the man having incidentally to cook the food himself. Moreover, the Japanese soldiers, as I have seen myself in Manchuria, look as fresh and healthy after a gruelling day's march as if they had just fallen in on parade, and I have encountered parties of students climbing mountains weighed down with immense rucksacks, satisfying their bodily wants with boiled rice and a few slices of *daikon*! But if a British battalion was despatched on a long route march, or a party of undergraduates made to climb Snowden on a canteen of rice and a pickled plum or two, half the number would fall by the wayside.

While food still varies enormously with countries, so that even in an area as small as Europe, different cooking is found across every frontier, clothes do not to the same extent, for unfortunately dress has been modelled on the hideous garments of the West. This, however, does not explain to me why the Japanese, who are so proud of everything appertaining to their nation, wear European clothing? Formal European clothes are not comfortable, they are ugly and they are complicated to put on. Vests, drawers, socks, sock suspenders, trousers, the most unbecoming form of legwear even when

well cut, which is rarely the case in Japan; shirts soft and more especially hard which, if analysed, are absurd garments, collars that choke; ties suggestive of Chinese capital punishments; coats long or short, dust collecting and damp absorbing; hats, the cause of baldness, are all designed against the simplest principles of sense. To look presentable in the garments which London tailors decree to be fashionable, a man must be tall and slim, and while only a proportion of Englishmen fulfill these requirements, practically no Japanese do.

The *kimono*, on the contrary, is comfortable, it is simple to put on, it is graceful and if a man is stumpy or fat, disguises his short legs or his obesity. Granted that a Japanese who lives in Europe or America does not wish to look conspicuous in his national costume, but why the dress of the Barbarians should be imposed in Japan on a people who are as unsuited to wearing it as an Englishman the costume of a Chinese Mandarin or an Indian Rajah, passes the bounds of human comprehension.

In the same way Japanese women could never find in London, Paris or New York a style of dressing more becoming than the *kimono* and *obi*, but nevertheless insist on wearing foreign clothes which do not show them off at their best.

In England there are dress reform societies trying to evolve some sort of clothing such as the *kimono*, which will be comfortable and elegant, but in Japan the reverse takes place.

However, this question of clothing is one for the Japanese to decide as they think best, whereas what now follows is a matter essentially the business of Great Britain. I refer to the way in which certain Japanese companies publish the list of their directors with the affix "Esquire" after their names! This appellation, though derived from the old French "escuyer" and the Latin "scutarius", is essentially English in its usage and was in olden days given to the armour bearer or attendant of a knight, and later became the title properly belonging to the eldest sons of baronets and the younger sons of noblemen which, in point of fact, it still is. To-day "esquire" has a much wider usage and is affixed, in addressing letters, to the names of practically all Englishmen who are not entitled to any prefix or title and are not tradesmen, servants, labourers etc., that is to say, a banker, a barrister, a member of the Diplomatic Corps will have R. S. Jones, W. Y. Smith, H. O. Brown, with esquire after his name on envelopes or in official lists, but Mr. Jones the baker, Mr. Brown the hotel porter, or Mr. Smith the engine driver will remain Mister. In America the prefix is invariably Mister, as is Monsieur in France, and no German or Italian would think of employing the entirely British "esquire", so that to see it affixed to Japanese names looks just as peculiar to an Englishman as would a list of a board of directors in London described as Roberts San, Edwards San and Green San! . . .

The government offices in London, in Paris

and for that matter in Keijo and in Changchun are magnificent buildings, but in Tokyo they consist in many cases of wooden sheds, dusty and dark. Whereas most Japanese interiors suggest perpetual scrubbing and polishing, the passages and offices of these particular ministries look as if no one had ever taken the trouble to include a broom in their furnishings or sort the papers which encumber their tables. I suppose that there is some explanation for this governing in squalid surroundings, but it is difficult to understand after seeing the imposing buildings round Tokyo Station and the modern department stores on the Ginza.\*

If, however, contrasting poorly with government offices in other capitals, the inmates of these sheds work much longer hours than their colleagues elsewhere and are not only easier of access than in London but are readier to impart information. I do not speak of course of the actual ministers of state who must obviously shroud themselves in mists of diplomacy and cannot make statements for fear of being indiscreet. With these great men I have only had occasional dealings, but with the heads of departments and their subordinates I have always found that the presentation of my card gave me immediate admission to the office of someone polite ready to answer my questions. Neither do I think

\* This statement of mine has been challenged and government offices such as those of the Navy and Justice brought to my notice as examples of buildings exteriorly and interiorly leaving nothing to be desired and with this I entirely agree. Nevertheless the shed breed is also there, though I believe that there are plans for the erection of new government offices



that I have been treated as a privileged person, for three times a week the representatives of the foreign press in Japan can go to the Gaimusho and meet the head of the Press Bureau, who will not only give out all the news available but also answer questions and discuss government policies. In fact I believe that foreign reporters are treated with more candour than those of the Japanese press.

English and Japanese newspapers differ greatly in the fact that there seems to be nothing which corresponds in Japan to what is known at home as the "power of the press". This is partly due to the fact that there are no great syndicates which own papers read by all classes of society, for though "The Asahi" owns a number of dailies, weeklies and monthlies, it is always "The Asahi" which is on terms of rivalry with the other newspapers in Japan; and partly to a certain amount of government control and censorship. The public moreover, educated on a determined theme of thought, does not seem to be much influenced by what the papers say, and though there are occasional campaigns launched against this or against that which sometimes bring about unexpected results, the nation is not newspaper-nourished to the extent of believing all it sees in print, as is the tendency at home. Neither do sensational news, society columns or scandal appear to occupy any space in the vernacular press; in fact when I told the editor of a Tokyo paper that the men who compiled the daily page of society gossip

in certain London journals received salaries which ran into thousands of pounds, it was evident that he did not believe me.

The Japanese papers are much smaller than anything of the same kind at home, which I suppose is due to the length of time which it takes to set up the type, and there is never a series of pages devoted entirely to advertisement, while the charge made by the "Daily Mail" for a full front page notice would probably suffice to keep the whole staff of a Japanese paper for a month. On the other hand there are a number of Tokyo newspapers which bring out seven or eight editions every day!

Unlike most Far Eastern countries where there are enough English speaking people to warrant the publication of British or American papers, in Japan there are barely seven thousand resident foreigners (exclusive of Chinese), of which at the outside two thirds are English speaking. The greatest credit is therefore due to the two foreign papers which appear daily in Tokyo and not only supply the public with first hand news but also with well written leaders and subject articles of varied interest. One of these papers, being owned and edited by foreigners, realises that if at present Japanese women count little as a reading public, foreign women do, and prints pages for their entertainment, which is of far greater importance to the circulation of a paper than people imagine. The number of copies of women's journals, weeklies and monthlies, disposed of yearly is on the

increase and I have always observed that women generally turn to the society or fashion columns of a paper, before studying the news, and judge its merits by what they find on those pages. Perhaps some day when Japanese women have become more emancipated, the vernacular press will learn to exploit this province of journalism which means much to the popularity of a paper. The Japanese and foreign papers pay adequately for outside contributions, settlement is prompter than in many countries, the money due being usually handed over in notes on delivery of the article.

I suppose that where the East and the West show the greatest contrast is in the matter of sports. England is the home of games, all of which, with few exceptions, originated within her shores. Thirty years ago football was unknown in Spain and Italy and little played in France, there were practically no golf courses on the Continent of Europe and most British field teams could encounter Americans with a fair assurance of success. Our games were practically unknown in the East and to-day the Japanese are about the only Orientals who officially include Western sports in the training of their youth. Even now, games are not quite the same to the Japanese as they are to Englishmen, for whereas all of us have some idea of the way of playing several games and complete ignorance of any field sport is looked upon as an unexplainable eccentricity, such a deficiency will not cause a Japanese to feel out of it among

his fellow men. Moreover in the actual playing of games there is a fundamental difference between ourselves and the Japanese.

The object of a game in Great Britain is to win, providing certain rules are followed, and the sporting conception of the contest is maintained, but with the exception of rowing, and perhaps cricket, style is only of secondary importance. In Japan it is inclined to be the reverse.

In Japanese archery, for instance, the mere hitting of the target is of small importance, in fact if the archers do not go through the preliminary motions in the traditional manner, a "possible" in bull's eyes will not bring about a win.

The other day I was reading the translation of a handbook on Japanese archery and noted the following points which showed a widely different conception to ours in the matter of sport:

1. "Archery fosters the habit of reflection. The habit of reflection after each shot applied to one's daily life is of great moral value.
2. It cultivates the idea of composure. The habit of keeping oneself cool under all circumstances is an invaluable asset to anybody.
3. It teaches one to be graceful and gentle in one's daily manners. Japanese archery makes the ethical aspect of the contest all important. Unless the archer behaves with natural gracefulness and in conformity to set rules of the art, it means nothing, least of all to experts, even if he hits the target with every shot."

But imagine a professional footballer or a tennis player in England considering the moral value

of the game applied to his daily life, or even the cricketer learning grace and gentleness, and a mental specialist would be summoned if a musketry instructor told a Bisley marksman that it meant nothing to hit the target with every shot! That is why it is so remarkable that the Japanese have been able to adapt themselves to foreign games, and not only adapt themselves but become formidable opponents who excel in England at the sports which the English invented, and yet perhaps it may be this very attention to style which has enabled the Japanese to copy and improve on our methods of play. The character of a nation is brought out more clearly on the playing field than anywhere else, and I feel that in this conception of sportsmanship the Japanese have, from our point of view, shown themselves worthy of an honourable place among the people of the West.

Odly enough the publication of this book gave me a glimpse of something else in which the British and the Japanese differ entirely. I refer to the relations between publishers and authors.

In England an author practically never sees his publisher, in many cases he does not know him by sight. There are of course instances when the producer and the creator of books are personal friends, but it is usually either because they have met informally outside the business premises or as an inevitable result of long professional association. However, generally speaking, the author rarely comes in contact with the

publisher in person, and if he does not actually deal through a literary agent, discusses the details of his contract (a maze of intricate clauses when compared to the Japanese agreement) with one of the more junior members of the firm's staff.

Even if filled with curiosity, it would never occur to a London publisher to ask a new writer out to dinner as I was by Mr. Nakatsuchi of the Hokuseido Press and given one of those special meals, which one remembers for years after, over which we not only discussed matters immediately connected with publication but also passages in my book which might be altered or developed. There was something encouraging and helpful in the atmosphere of this dinner party which would have been impossible to achieve at the extremity of a telephone wire or in one of those dusty attics in which most British publishing firms amass fortunes.

I suppose that it would be possible to continue writing almost indefinitely about these contrasts, investigating their cause and effect on the character of the British and the Japanese, but books have a recognised length, and the reading public a limit to its patience. Nevertheless I must add three short criticisms before closing this chapter.

With Tokyo decreed to be the second largest city in the world, can nothing be done to name and number the streets in which private individuals reside, so that persons other than clairvoyants can find their ways to addresses at

which they have been asked to dine? This is not merely a matter of difficulty for foreigners, as a Japanese taxi driver will take an hour to find a house even when all details of its locality have been written down for him in *kana* and ideographs!

Can no one teach these same taxi drivers to drive cars and observe the conventions of the road? Until one has been whirled down a crowded street in a Japanese taxi, passing other cars on the wrong side or turning to the right and left without warning, the real meaning of fear is unknown.

And lastly why is the inland postal service in Japan so slow? It sometimes takes days for an ordinary letter to go from Tokyo to Yokohama, and a "special delivery" communication is the only method of sending a letter rapidly within the confines of Tokyo. There is not even the compensation of being able to telephone, as unless a foreigner is a diplomatist or a man of means, it is out of the question to have the telephone in a private house.

These are admittedly small points but their rectification none the less essential if Tokyo is to be worthy of its size.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LABOUR AND INDUSTRY IN JAPAN

I KNOW very little about the labour problems of the world, it is a subject which has never very much interested me, due, I suppose, to twelve years spent in the army in the days when we were still taught that the only solution to international differences of opinion was war. However, since the days when I plodded about the fields of France and Flanders in search of someone to kill, governments have decided that wars are too costly (not in life, I may add, as the loss of human beings is of little importance to a politician), and it is simpler to expend large sums of money annually on conferences at Geneva, and other agreeable centres, where under the guise of private talks and jovial dinner parties, economic wars can be politely declared without the rupture of diplomatic relations.

Realizing, therefore, that my study of Japan would not be complete without an investigation into labour conditions, which were now becoming, as it were, the battle field with the West, I betook myself to the Gaimusho, where my good friend Mr. Tsutsui, the nearest approach to a human encyclopedia that I have ever met, set me on the path of discovery from which I returned astonished by what I learnt.

There is a belief among people who have not studied conditions of living in Japan, that



the reason why the Japanese are able to sell their goods cheaper than the average manufacturer in other parts of the world is because they have a system of sweating, if not of actual forced labour. Any denial of this erroneous idea is usually contradicted with an assertion that it is merely an evasion of the point, in other words that what, in Europe or America, would be classified as sweating is regarded by the employer and government in Japan as a normal daily or monthly task.

Now while it is difficult to argue with this method of reasoning, I shall endeavour to explain how in actual fact this allegation is groundless. The Japanese who work for their living earn wages and salaries at which foreign artisans and clerks would scoff, their daily hours behind the loom or the counter would cause unions to proclaim unending strikes, the amount of food they eat might be considered as the proper rations for canaries, their mode of living would be regarded as lacking in comfort, but no one will pause for a moment and reflect that the Japanese are the Japanese who have different up-bringsings to the people of the West.

In Japan long working hours are normal, the man or the woman may be a skilled or unskilled labourer, a clerk or a lawyer, a military officer or a professor, it makes no difference. A task lasts as long as the time required to complete it and to remain at it until it is finished, is treated as a matter of course.

Rents, food, clothes, railway fares, amuse-

ments are all incredibly cheap, so that wages and salaries suffice to pay for all requirements; the Japanese meal, which is thought to be unappetising and inadequate, is in reality more reasonable than the meat-laden repast which many foreigners eat from force of habit. Neither is it true that the Japanese live squalidly or uncomfortably, and if they squat at their meals and sleep on the floor it is because they prefer to do so. The average house in Japan is certainly cleaner than in other parts of the world and the number of baths taken daily is greatly in excess to those of the lower and middle classes in Europe. This simplicity of living does not, moreover, apply only to the poorer people, the upper classes are just as frugal, just as hard working, just as clean.

I was discussing this subject one day with a wealthy man who holds an important position in the commercial world of Tokyo. His household, in addition to himself, consists of his wife, three children, three indoor servants and a chauffeur, and his monthly bill for the best rice procurable, which is one of the principle ingredients of Japanese meals, does not exceed ¥25 a month. A young married couple with the desires for the usual amenities of life find it possible to make both ends meet on ¥150 a month which includes a small item set aside as the husband's pocket money. The cost of living for a labourer is more difficult to estimate accurately, but after going into the matter it would appear that a married couple in humble

circumstances with two or three children could live and lodge for ¥95 a month, and probably for less.

Foreign investigators and statisticians do not apparently find it necessary to delve into the wage question deeper than as it concerns the manual labourer, and in consequence see the real conditions of life out of focus. If they did make a few enquiries they would discover that in matters of salaries in Japan all is proportionate, and that these hours of work do not apply to one class of person only.

Early closing is practically unknown in Japan, as is also the observance of Sunday as a holiday, most of the bigger firms, it is true, do no business over the week-end, while most of the department stores have instituted three days rest each month, but the small privately owned shops usually open when it is light and do not close until all possible customers have gone to bed, winter and summer alike.

When I was in Manchoukuo, I noticed that the staff officers at the Kwantung Army Headquarters made not the least difference in their office routine on Sundays or days of the week. A friend of mine in the Japanese Army returned the other day to Tokyo from a military appointment abroad which he had held for some years, but it never entered his head to ask for leave to go to his home; the day after disembarking he was at his desk at the War Office! Some months later he was granted a week's holiday to visit his parents, and accepted it as a favour!

The same officer told me that a relative of his, who held an important position in a big factory, had two Sundays "off" each month and ten days' leave each year. One can go to the "Foreign Office" in Tokyo at any hour of the day and find its personel at their tables, even at lunch time they remain on duty, eating sandwiches hastily, while some of the bolder members slip out for a cup of coffee.

At none of the big Tokyo newspaper offices which I regularly visit have I ever found an editor or sub-editor absent except on duty, while the professors at schools and universities work for unbroken spells of seven hours daily, after which they often take extra classes. Neither do these men receive salaries larger in proportion to those of manual labourers. A Japanese Colonel is paid under ¥400 a month, a professor is lucky if he gets ¥200, the salaries of government civil servants are ridiculously small. I was once talking to a clerk in the South Sea Islands administration, not a man in a high executive position but still one who had been through school and university, spoke fluent English and was married, who told me proudly that he was receiving ¥120 monthly; for which wage he had to live in a bad tropical climate and often work after dinner! I once accidentally discovered that the payment which a Japanese paper was making me for *one* article was the equivalent to a month's salary of the correspondent of this same paper in an important centre.

It may interest Japanese readers to learn

that, calculating the Yen at 15 to £1 sterling, a British Colonel on the Staff earns nearly ¥1200 a month, a naval Captain, including his command and entertaining allowance ¥1800, a Professor at a university round about ¥700 and a textile worker, who does not have as long hours as in Japan, ¥3,30 per diem; but what would surprise a Japanese more than this high standard of wages would be to hear that, owing to that pernicious system known as "the dole", many British labourers prefer to be on the unemployed list than on a factory pay roll. There are of course men and women unable to find work, who if there was no dole would starve, but there are also a large number who find remunerative employment for part of the year, save on their wages and for the remaining time take a holiday by going on the dole.

The wages, therefore, of factory hands in Japan which suggest starvation to people accustomed to pay rolls in Britain and the U. S. A. are not in reality disproportionately lower than what the same class of persons receive in Western countries. It is impossible to lay down exactly what an employee in the textile industries receives, but the following table gives an idea of the average wage :

Cotton Spinning per day	Men ¥ 1,50.	Women 80 Sen to ¥ 1,00.
Silk Weaving per day	Men ¥ 1,30.	Women 70 Sen to 80 Sen.
Wool Weaving per day	Men ¥ 2,00.	Women ¥ 1,00.

Apprentices in the various industries receive during their two years' period of training 15 Sen

a day and are fed and lodged free of charge.

The male workers who cannot find accommodation in the precincts of the factory (many of the companies supply dormitories for their younger men, and houses at nominal rents for those with families) are paid ¥2,00 a month towards lodging. All the hands, male and female, can feed in the factory restaurants at a cost of 12 Sen a day. The food supplied is, moreover, adequate and nourishing, the factory owners paying as much again out of the company's funds, i.e. if the price of food goes up or down, the charge for the factory hand remains the same, the company making up the difference. By this system wages have always been kept at the same level, for when after the war the cost of living rose the people's pay was not increased, but the factory spent more on food etc., so that when the cost of living fell, there was no question of cuts in salaries such as those which caused such discontent in England and America.

The hours of work in factories vary from nine and a half hours a day in cotton spinneries, where the work is done in two shifts, to just over eleven hours in other concerns, out of which half an hour to an hour's break is allowed for the mid-day meal. Some companies grant four days' rest during the month in addition to national holidays, but without pay.

Factory hands who resign after a given period are entitled to bonuses which vary from ¥100 to ¥1000, and during the period of their

employment can claim medical attendance for themselves and their families at nominal rates and gratuitously if the injury is contracted through anything to do with their work.

Eighty per cent of the factory hands in Japan are girls who go to work for a period of three or four years in order to save enough money to marry. These girls, with very few exceptions, are lodged free in dormitories attached to the factories.

These dormitories are in large airy buildings, standing within their own compounds, furnished "à la japonaise" i.e. with "*tatami*" on the floor and "*futons*" consisting of mattress, quilt, pillow and sheets. Regulations order *futons* to be aired and sheets to be washed at regular intervals. The rooms, which usually accomodate sixteen, have to have a minimum height of seven feet, while each occupant is entitled to a floor space of two mats or 6 feet  $\times$  6 feet.

The same sleeping room cannot be shared by two or more groups of workers whose hours of retiring differ owing to shifts. The ventilation is adequately controlled by sliding *shoji*, the use of a common towel is prohibited and so on, regulations as to hygiene being posted on the walls. Spacious tiled bathrooms with an ample supply of hot and cold water adjoin the dormitories, and, as in all Japanese dwellings, the rooms and corridors glisten from much scrubbing and sweeping, while the girls look as if long periods of the day were set aside for personal polishing. The dining rooms as well as the

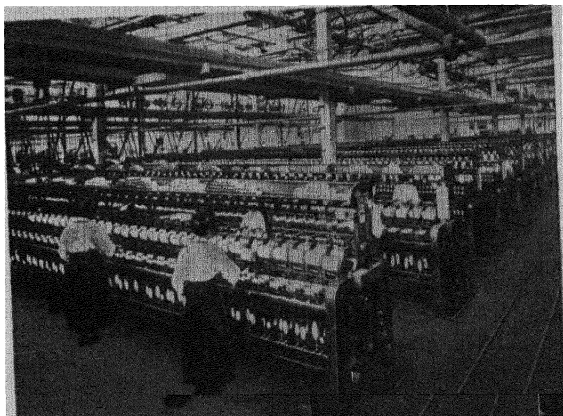
kitchens have tiled floors, the former being usually furnished with wooden benches and tables, though in some cases the workers eat in the old fashioned manner, squatting on the *tatami*. In fact in matters of cleanliness it would be difficult to find anything in Europe to surpass the hygienic conditions of the Japanese factory.

The social welfare of factory workers does not, however, cease with dormitories and dining rooms. There are sports clubs for the men and courses of physical training under qualified instructors for the girls. For these purposes, as also for work at the looms, special clothing is supplied to the female hands by the company.

Lecturers visit factories and address the girls on social and moral matters, there are sewing classes and in some of the more important factories, such as the Nisshin Boseki Kabushiki Kaisha, courses in flower arrangement and the tea ceremony, so that in reality these girls are much better cared for and less placed in the way of temptation than their sisters who work in shops.

The regulations for the protection of labour are, moreover, enforced by visits of government inspectors. What apparently are not under any control are the smaller concerns employing ten or a lesser number of employees, chiefly silk spinners and weavers. Where machinery is used in such factories, the hours of work, but not wages, are under supervision, but where there is no machinery, such as in the straw hat





Cotton looms,  
Kanegafuchi  
Cotton Com-  
pany known as  
the Kanebo.



Rest room, in  
the factory.



Dining room for girls in a Japanese  
spinning factory.



and fan making industries, there is no controlling influence. The result of this is that in these pocket factories the old system of hiring female hands from parents by the payment of a lump sum still exists, the workers becoming virtually the property of the employer who can make them work according to his wishes.

However, in spite of this I do not think that it can be said that the Japanese work under worse conditions than the British or Americans, in fact as far as accomodation and food is concerned I would be inclined to suggest that the majority are better off in Japan. Work is instinctive to the Japanese, the trade union movement has not yet gained a foothold, (of the 5,000,000 industrial labourers in Japan under 400,000 are organized into unions,) and if the output of merchandise is possible at a lower cost than in other parts of the world, it is because the people of Japan are thriftier, more industrious and the women perhaps defter with their hands than their sisters of the West.

There is at present bitterness in England over Japanese competition, there is corresponding bitterness in Japan over the tariffs imposed by Britain and her Dominions; the press of both nations are having recourse to fiery recriminations which help no one, but though England must safeguard the livelihood of her people, it seems unfortunate that it should be at the cost of causing suffering to the Japanese spinners and weavers, whose only fault is to work too hard.

Having had my appetite whetted for statistics on Japanese labour conditions, I determined to examine other branches of industry and, meeting by accident a film magnate, I delved into the subject of Japan's developing interest in the cinematograph and talkie, which was another complete revelation to me, as I had a vague idea that all films in Japan were imported.

There are, to-day in Japan, 1485 picture theatres, (the majority of which are in Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto) and some eighteen studios where films are produced and recorded for Japanese consumption.

Of these studios the most modern is the "Photo Chemical Laboratory" near Tokyo, usually known as the P.C.L., which was completed in June 1932 at a cost of ¥300,000. The object of this company is to supply the most up-to-date recording theatres and apparatus to those film producing concerns in Japan, which are badly equipped or have no means of making first class pictures, and also to allow foreign film makers to stage anything they wish in Japan without having to bring with them all their paraphernalia from Europe or America.

What makes the P.C.L. studios most interesting to a foreigner is that the whole of the building, plant, apparatus etc., are of Japanese conception and Japanese make. The people of Japan are wonderful at copying anything from a tweed cap to a Deisel engine, so that they have been able to take all the best points from America's and Britain's moving picture industry,

study them, improve on them and finally produce as good material as abroad.

It is a revelation of Japanese engineering ability to spend a day with the directors of the P. C. L., who though obviously proud of their achievement are still anxious to improve on what they have done and glad to accept advice. The Japanese, though interested in foreign pictures, have not sufficient knowledge of other languages to really appreciate a talkie made abroad, and though an announcer stands in a kind of pulpit beside the screen in each foreign picture house, whence he interprets what the characters are saying, the result is not very satisfactory. As, moreover, the British and Americans in Japan cannot muster together more than 4,000 people, the German a quarter of that number and the French only a few hundreds, this public cannot be taken into consideration, and the majority of picture houses show Japanese films.

These films are divided into two categories, the historic or costume plays, and the modern stories with rather obvious and little developed love plots, not comparable to any foreign production. As a matter of fact, this is not entirely the scenario writer's fault, as owing to a very strict censorship nothing inclined to be risqué can be shown, and even in productions from overseas, cuts are made and drawn-out kisses curtailed.

This kiss complex with the Japanese is, at first sight, incomprehensible to strangers in Japan

until it is understood that this public mode of expressing affection is essentially a Western habit, and is regarded by Orientals as immodest as a most intimate bedroom scene. In view of the fact that the Japanese admit licensed quarters into which young girls are sold by their parents, and where they remain until they can buy themselves out, and think nothing of mixed bathing in the hot springs, which are found all over Japan, in nature's garb, this apparent prudishness is difficult to understand. The explanation probably being that the licensed quarters are necessary evils to which reference is not made in polite society, and the nude body, being nothing to be ashamed of, can be exposed by either sex for the purpose of washing, whereas kissing in public is merely a flaunting of sensuality. It is nevertheless disconcerting for a foreigner to leave a picture theatre where he has seen practically all kissing cut out, and return to his inn to find the maid following him into the bathroom in order to scrub his back, and if he is in the remoter parts of the country to meet Japanese ladies splashing water over themselves regardless of his presence

The big cinemas in all the important towns of Japan are fitted with seats as in Europe or America, smoking is not allowed, but the general atmosphere is quite normal. Where there is a great difference with other parts of the world is the length and hour of showing each session. As previously pointed out, the Japanese are hard working, early rising people, getting up as soon

as it is light, breakfasting soon after, lunching between eleven and twelve and dining any time after five p.m., with the result that it is time for bed before ten. Even in cities like Tokyo many of the cafés and restaurants close at eleven, and everything is finished by midnight. In the towns, therefore, the cinemas begin the last sessions of their series of films at about six and invariably show two complete pictures, with news and cartoons in addition, many giving three pictures; while in rural districts a session will continue for hours, lasting sometimes a whole afternoon with three or four complete films. I remember once finding myself in a rather remote village of Japan and, having nothing to read, betook myself to the local picture house. Leaving my shoes with an attendant at the door, rather as at home I would have left my hat, I paid 25 *sen* for the best seat, was issued with a wooden ticket some six inches long, covered with ideographs, and two cushions. I was then led by a lady in a bright kimono into a kind of vast barn whitely matted with rice straw *tatami*, but virgin of seats, settled myself on the floor and watched the screen.

I saw three pictures before cramp made me leave, two of which were splendid tales of long ago with warriors in magnificent clothes, carrying great two-handed swords with which they fought interminable battles against half a dozen adversaries at once, whose chivalry never permitted them to attack the hero from behind, or ever

break the rules of Japanese sword play with a cut and slash which would have ended the contest in a few minutes. The third film was a modern story which was rather complicated and more difficult to understand than the costume piece. Most of the characters came to violent ends, including the heroine who, at the end of the play, after she had been reconciled to her husband, unexpectedly plunged a huge dagger into her abdomen and committed *harakiri*! The films were all silent, but the announcer spoke the various parts from his pulpit, modifying his voice according to the sex of the characters.

During the intervals girls came round with complete Japanese dinners in boxes, which the audience bought and merrily ate with chopsticks, there being no restaurant in the theatre itself as in Tokyo or Osaka.

It is interesting to note, however, that though the films have taken an important place in the life of modern Japan, they have by no means reduced the popularity of the old fashioned theatres which, in spite of comparatively high prices for seats, are always filled with enthusiastic audiences who often sit for eight hours (with short intervals for food) listening to historic dramas, many of which they almost know by heart.

The acting and the costumes, both on the legitimate stage and in the historic dramas of the screen, are magnificent and it always rather surprises me why foreign film impresarios do not come to Japan, and adapt the words of these



epics for production in Europe and America. I am certain that they would be much appreciated by all those who enjoy the screen versions of stories such as "The Three Musketeers".

I suppose that I could go on indefinitely writing about what Japan is now doing industrially without the aid of foreign advisers, but as this book is not a treatise on matters commercial but a literary omelette, I must hurriedly take up some other subject and drop it into my inky frying pan.

## CHAPTER XV

### PROBLEMS INCUMBENT ON THE ROMANIZATION OF JAPANESE WRITING

ANOTHER thing which strikes a foreigner on first setting foot in Japan is the fact that everything, from the names of the streets to the signs outside the shops, is written up in, what appears to him to be, unintelligible hieroglyphics. His mind before arrival has been saturated with accounts of the Westernization of modern Japan, the luxuries of the N. Y. K. liner on which he has travelled have confirmed what he has heard, the crowds he has seen on the quay at Kobe or Yokohama have not looked very different from those in Marseilles or Southampton, but once on shore, he has suddenly found himself lost in the midst of a disorderly mixture of Chinese characters and Japanese *kana* written up apparently without system. Even to a Japanese, these signs running vertically and horizontally from right to left and left to right cannot be taken in at a glance.

In China, curiously enough, this sense of bewilderment is not so evident owing to the fact that foreigners live for the most part in their own concessions and hardly ever come in contact with real China. There are a great many foreign newspapers printed in China, while British, French and American magazines and journals can be bought at the station bookstalls.

In Japan there are very few papers printed in anything but Japanese characters, and foreign publications can only be procured in big cities like Tokyo or Kobe.

Neither can this reading and writing difficulty be overcome by the mere learning of the language, for it takes Japanese school children years of patient study to acquire a knowledge of sufficient characters to permit them to decipher a page of a newspaper or write a coherent letter.

The Japanese written language is a mixture of Chinese ideographic characters and Japanese *kana* letters, which are in reality phonetic symbols, of which there are fifty sounds. The total number of Chinese characters is over 50,000 but not more than 5,000 are in daily use and 3,000 will suffice for the setting up of a newspaper, this proportion, though small, is nevertheless enormous when compared with the 26 letters of the Western alphabet. This restriction of characters has, moreover, the effect of making it necessary for article writers to consider carefully before composing a paragraph and consequently diminishes the expressive power otherwise possible with the use of an unlimited number. There are Japanese typewriters with 3,000 ideographs and two sets of *kana* symbols, but its working is laborious and it is too cumbersome to be carried about as is the Western portable machine, with an additional disadvantage of also limiting the vocabulary of the subject to be written about.

At first sight it would seem anomalous that the Japanese, who have achieved so much in the modernization of their country, should make no attempt to remedy this anachronism of writing, but it must be remembered that it is not merely a question of altering the entire spelling of the language, which would be difficult enough, but of revolutionizing the fundamental basis of instruction in Japan. Practically the whole period of a child's primary schooling, that is to say, during six years, is spent in laboriously learning to paint ideographic characters and differentiate between *kana* symbols, so that the abolition of these lessons would be as drastic as a decree to dispense with the teaching of geography in Europe.

There exists, however, in Japan a society known as the *Romajikai*, founded about 1886 by a body of influential persons, having as its object the adoption of Roman characters to replace the present system of writing, but though this is the first organized society with a concrete programme, the Western writing of Japanese dates from as far back as 1590, when the Jesuits brought a printing press from Europe on which colloquial translations of the Gospels were made. During the 17th century the Dutch traders did much to spread knowledge concerning the alphabet, while in 1868 a memorandum was drawn up and presented to the government of the Reformation urging the adoption of the Roman letters and the metric system. Shortly after this Dr. Hepburn published a Japanese-English dictionary, in which he used a system

of orthography adopting the English usage of vowels and the Continental of consonants. This system of spelling is still employed at the railway stations on the main lines in Japan.

In 1900 the Department of Education in Tokyo appointed an official committee to study the best system of transliteration, and after deliberation decided on a compromise between the Hepburn system and the Nipponsiki or Japanese formula. After the Russo-Japanese war a new society, calling itself the *Romaji Hiromekwai*, was formed, its object being to promulgate the use of Roman characters without regard to the system of transliteration. All proposals from the extreme etymological to the extreme phonetic were welcome.

At present there are two main schools of romanization of written Japanese, the Hepburn and the Nipponsiki, the former aiming at merely conveying the sound of the Japanese words familiarly to the Western ear, the latter at making the written language perhaps more scientific in its basis of spelling but easier to learn for a Japanese accustomed to ideographs and *kana*. (For example whereas, according to the Hepburn system, Japanese words are spelt more or less in the way in which we would pronounce them, according to the Nipponshiki, the spelling is made to correspond with the Japanese equivalents for foreign words, so that paper would be written *peipa*, serge *saadi*, fork *hooku*, gentleman *zentoruman*).

From enquiries which I have myself made I

have come to the conclusion that a majority of the educated classes in Japan are in favour of the Romanization of their written language, but no one cares to take the initial step. The Government is not certain of what action to take and waits for some popular movement before making a definite move.

As a matter of fact, once the decision is taken and this method of teaching becomes law, it should not take long for the public as a whole to be educated up to the idea. All children who have passed into middle school and on into university have to learn foreign languages and consequently Roman letters, so that there is already a proportion of the Japanese people who can read Western writing. It is, moreover, interesting to note that when one meets educated Japanese, who may be incapable of saying two words of French or English, they can always read a simple sentence in one of those languages, and I have frequently noticed when a train has been racing through a station that the passengers always looked at the name written in Roman letters. When I have had to present a letter of introduction written in characters to some Government official, I have invariably found that the recipient had to make a careful study of the document, there being no question of a cursory glance as under the same circumstances in Europe. An editor of a Japanese paper to whom I occasionally furnish articles told me that he regretted to be unable to commission mere contributions, but that the translation of

an English article of two columns filled up so much room that he could not afford the space, while in the same way a speech of 2,000 words which I broadcasted in Tokyo took me twelve minutes to deliver but turned literally into Japanese would have taken over twenty minutes and consequently had to be condensed into a resumé!

With the Romanization of the language this would all have been obviated, as the following translation of a sentence from a story by Stevenson shows:

**The young man with the cream tarts.**

(*Kurîmu-Tâto wo moti-aruku Seinen.*)

"During his residence in London, the accomplished Prince Florizel of Bohemia gained the affection. . . .

*"Tasinami no hukai Bohemia no Florizel Denka wa London ni otodo mari no aida."*

"of all classes by the seduction of his manner and by a well considered generosity."

*"Sono Taido ga hito wo hikitukeru no to mata hitotu niwa Omoiyari ga hukai no to ni yotte subeteno Kaikyû kara Sitasimi wo ukete ita."*

The same sentence written in ideographs and *kana* would have filled many vertical columns and not reproduced the exact sense.

I one day asked the editor of a prominent Tokyo daily paper what would happen if he suddenly decided to publish his journal printed in Romaji.

"Nothing," he replied, "except to cause unemployment in my staff and decrease the circulation of my paper."

On enquiring as to the reasons it was explained to me that Japanese papers are hand-set, as the number of Chinese characters in daily use prevents the manufacture of a linotype, while the copy readers have to be more numerous than with a foreign paper owing to the slowness of reading, many educated Japanese having to consult dictionaries when writing the vernacular.

As pointed out before, only those students who have passed on beyond primary school learn foreign writing, but Romaji societies are giving lectures to fifth and sixth year classes in elementary schools free of charge, which are well attended, chiefly owing to the fact that children who are obliged to go early in life to earn a living find it impossible to get employment in any of the big shops if they cannot read the Roman letters.

In this way, therefore, progress is being made. The new system of writing has, moreover, been adopted in international map making, hydrography, weather charts etc. Many authorities on philosophy, science, literature and music have also written books in Nipponsiki. The Ministry of Education has also appointed a committee to go into the matter and recommend some official system. Roman letters are considered legal in balloting for parliamentary elections, but though in Turkey a successful reform has already been accomplished, she stands alone and in other countries, as in Japan, the process of adaption is either in progress, or facing strong



opposition. This is perhaps not as peculiar as it sounds because more than half the population of the world lives in countries where systems of writing other than the Latin alphabet are in current use.

There is another group of people in Japan known as the *Kana moji kai*, which, while realizing the deficiencies of ideographic writing, are not prepared to go to the extremes suggested by the Romaji enthusiasts and suggest as an alternative the practical elimination of Chinese characters and the use of *kana* alone as the national writing. I have not gone into the matter deeply but it seems feasible, for the *kana* not only conveys sounds but can also, be used as letters enabling words to be spelt as they are pronounced.

I have been shown correspondence written and addressed in *kana* which has passed though the post. The lines were set out horizontally, the words separated from each other as in English, and though I could not understand what the sentences meant, it was obviously clearer than ideographs and looked as if it would be easy to learn.

However, whatever system is adopted, let it be hoped that the Japanese will lead the way in modernising Oriental writing, *Romaji* or *Kana Moji* which, apart from its general utility, will do much to help the nation to make its position felt in the world, in that anyone with a smattering of Japanese will be able to read the vernacular newspapers and the real opinion of the people become universally known.

Foreigners hesitate to learn Japanese because of this difficulty of characters; once that stumbling block, removed, there will be no further excuse to omit the study of a language which will be useful all over the Far East.

N.B. It may be interesting to note that the use of foreign words in Japan is on the increase, it being estimated that the total must amount to a few thousands. Words such as cheese, butter, sandwiches, coffee, toast, gasoline, typewriter, baseball, rugby, football, radio are practically Japanese. A great many of the cafés and restaurants in Tokyo have foreign names, e.g. "A. I.", "Mon Ami", "Golden Bat", "Mon Paris", "Europa", "Olympic" etc. etc., and in all these places of refreshment the menus are printed in Roman and Japanese writing.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE EDUCATION OF THE JAPANESE WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

THOUGH not given to studying international systems of education, I was accidentally able to have a thorough insight into the methods of teaching the Japanese University student, which perhaps surprised me more than anything else in Japan.

A friend of mine who taught English at Keio University in Tokyo wished to go home on a holiday, but such an eventuality not being reckoned for in the terms of his contract and the authorised vacation not giving him sufficient time to make the journey there and back, he asked me to fill his place for five months.

During my varied career I had found myself following unexpected professions but the role of professor was strange to me, and in this case all the more so as I was to make my first attempt at teaching with Japanese youths in their late teens as my pupils. However, being of an inquisitive nature and not suffering from self-consciousness, I agreed to do my friend this service and took over my duties without further preliminaries.

Keio University is the oldest of its kind in Japan and at first sight suggests architecturally a college at Oxford or Cambridge, in spite of

some of the rather shed-like buildings behind the fine ivy-clad edifice, in which are situated the offices and common rooms. Keio was founded by Yukichi Fukuzawa, one of the first Japanese to advocate the teaching of foreign languages. Born in 1835, and therefore under the feudal government of the Shogunate, Mr. Fukuzawa began in 1854 to learn Dutch, but finding that this language had only a limited scope of usefulness, set himself to acquire English with the aid of a Dutch-English dictionary which he found in Yokohama. In 1858 he had laid the foundations of the great university to be, in the shape of a school for the teaching of Dutch, but in 1860 substituted English as a more practical intermediary for the youth of Japan to gain contact with the outer world. Unfortunately Fukuzawa's foresight was not appreciated at once, and for some years he remained looked upon with disfavour by those who still had doubts as to the expediency of fostering any intimacy with the West.

Fukuzawa, however, persevered and in 1871 the main buildings of the present Keio University were built, and have since that date been continually enlarged to meet the ever increasing demand of students for admission. Keio at present comprises colleges of literature, economics, law and medicine; a university preparatory school, a college of higher studies, a middle school, a commercial and technical school, an evening school and a primary school for boys. So that a child can go to Keio and remain there

for sixteen years working up from ideographs to advanced mathematics and English literature.

The general aim of Keio is "to send forth into the world a large number of young men, sound in mind and body, strong in character and full of aspirations for purity in private life as well as for a career of useful service to society", and as it interests us, "to insist more strongly on a thorough study of the English language than in other similar institutions of learning in Japan, believing in the importance of this language not only as the best medium of introducing the Western civilization into the country but also as the most widely used language in political, commercial and other relations between nations."

Games are practiced and encouraged, and the University has spacious playing fields and gymnasiums with facilities for *judo*, running, archery, tennis, baseball, swimming, football, wrestling, hockey, riding etc., as well as musical, dramatic, photographic and motoring societies.

Although there is just as much keenness among the Japanese students for games as at English public schools and universities, in practice there is a fundamental difference from the British or American conception of play or competition in that the style in sports is more important than the scoring of goals or points. An individual or a team naturally tries to win, but in the purely Japanese contests the victor is not necessarily the one who has made the highest score, and while this cannot apply to Western

games, the Japanese spend much longer in acquiring style than we do. In Tokyo, for example, there are numbers of practice golf courses where enthusiastic business men go daily and nightly (huge lamps illuminate the grounds when it is dark) to spend hours improving their drives, or when the office keeps them slip out for a few minutes putting. It is not at all unusual to see five or six young men on one tennis court volleying and driving for long periods at a time, perfecting themselves in their strokes before attempting to play a game; while public parks, backyards, often the pavements in big towns are used to practice pitching and catching of baseballs. But though games occupy an important place in the lives of young Japan to-day, they by no means show that tendency to take precedence over class room work as in England, and I do not think that I was believed when I told some students that at Eton we had, in addition to our Sunday rest, three half holidays a week which were entirely devoted to organized games which we were forced to play, or that prowess in the playing fields often excused backwardness in class.

While realising that we go rather to extremes over the matter of athletics, I also feel that the Japanese do the same over study, and include far too many subjects in their curriculums. My pupils had to devote their attention to sixteen different subjects a week, which included English, French, German, Chinese, Economics, Law or Literature, Logic, Mathematics, Philosophy, History of Europe, Asia and Japan, Ethics etc.,

so that by the end of a day's work the muddle in the mind of a student, who had been, "learning" for seven consecutive hours, must have been as mixed up as eggs in an omelette. At first it is disconcerting, when lecturing, to be asked to write everything one says on the black board, or to see students at the last lesson of the day jaded with sheer exhaustion, but when one realizes the amount these poor chaps have to know to pass an examination, it is not surprising that in order to remember they must copy everything into a note book and be worn out as a result of this endless attempt to absorb too much.

Remembering the treatment which it was the custom at Eton and Sandhurst to mete out to French and German masters, I felt slightly apprehensive as to the way I would be received when I first took over my duties as a Keio school master, and looked cautiously at my chair for the proverbial drawing pins. My fears were, however, unfounded, and during the whole time I was at Keio I never encountered anything suggestive of a "rag" of a foreign master. On the contrary I met with courtesy and manners superior to those of an English public school boy, a sensation that my pupils wanted to learn and, provided I was fair, would meet me half way. On one occasion I was presented with a bunch of flowers by two young men who came all the way to my house to bring the gift, and I am sure that had I been able to speak Japanese I could have established intimate contact with

some of the boys who were obviously anxious to be friendly.

In spite of the aspirations of Keio's founder the teaching of English is elementary and, for reasons which I shall point out later, not unqualifiedly successful. The books read by my students included, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes", stories from Stevenson and O. Henry (the choice of this type of literature, I believe, being made on the grounds that, while giving exercise in every day colloquial English, the actual story retains the students' interest), and the term's programme also took in dictation, composition, grammar and so-called conversation. I say "so-called", as, in the classes which number from thirty to fifty pupils, about ten per cent only could make any attempt at fluent talk. I found contrarily that practically every boy could read aloud passably and the majority write a comprehensible essay, in fact I was astonished to see the way in which a great number of the end of term examination papers were answered. Some of the compositions were first class, and if occasionally the wrong word was selected from the dictionary, think of an English boy of sixteen trying to be grammatical in ideographs and *kana*. "Having been diseased during the term, I cannot answer this question," sounds funny to us, but I should be proud if I knew the Japanese for being ill in any form and vain if I could spell it. "Eve stepped out of her delicious bowel," might sound obscure if one did not know that there was no "R" in the Japanese language and that



"L" was the nearest approach to this letter. But remark this student's knowledge of colloquialisms when he writes to explain why a class was absent from a lecture: "We were all absent except four men when you came to our room. I suppose that you were very angry. You might say, why the devil did they escape . . ." and the document ends with, "please excuse this rather scrappy letter." And again note this young man of seventeen paraphrasing Leigh Hunt's essay on getting up in the morning: "Look at Michael Angelo, look at Chaucer, look at Haroun al Raschid who were bearded. They did not wave Gilette with quivering fingers when it was cold!" Would that I could understand Japanese as well as that, and at the same time have a knowledge of French, German and Chinese, for knowledge these boys have and yet fail completely when it comes to carrying on the simplest conversation. I shall discuss this complex at length later, but I believe one of the main factors which stops any attempt to talk is timidity and self-consciousness, a fear of being made to feel ridiculous, which a Japanese hates more than anything.

Members of the University proper, as well as those of the middle and preparatory schools, must dress in black uniforms, like that worn in a French *lycée*, with the object, I believe, of making everyone look socially equal while at work. A few students appear in *kimono* and some substitute felt hats for the peaked cap, but generally speaking, the uniform is "*de rigueur*".

In spite of this democracy in dress, however, all the boys have to be addressed with San (Mr.) after their names, and one day when I called a class roll in a hurry and omitted the title, a respectful protest was made.

The British habit of living in boarding houses on the school premises or in colleges is practically non-existent, in fact outside the class room, and occasionally at some great field sport event, the university does not seem to count in the lives of the students as do our schools and colleges at home.

The Keio boys, I discovered, come from a well-to-do class, and are in consequence more docile and gentlemanly than those who attend some universities where that situation, incredible to us, often arises of a strike on the part of the undergraduates because of some trivial change in policy or regulations, or boycott of a professor because of his political views. Quite recently striking students at a Tokyo university passed a series of resolutions, among which was a demand for the resignation of the Minister of Education, and what was so extraordinary, laughable, I might say, was that the authorities took it all seriously, which of course encouraged the young men to further extremes, until the police had to be called in; whereas no notice or the whole thing treated as a joke would have undermined the agitators in a few hours. A Japanese student does not mind persecution, in fact he rather delights in being a martyr, but what he abhors is being laughed at or made to look silly.

The Japanese masters and professors I found inclined to be friendly and in a general way much less reserved in the company of foreigners than is usual in Japan. Quite a proportion of my colleagues had been at Oxford or Cambridge or some American university and dressed accordingly, others were officially Japanese of the stiff collar and sombre suiting specie, while a few wore *kimono*, but flannel trousered or otherwise, there was a definite spirit of helpful *camaraderie* in the Common Room which made me feel at home as soon as I crossed its threshold. What is quite unlike anything at school or university in England is the mid-day meal. In English academic life eating is a ceremony, and though lunch lacks the ritual of dinner and is inclined to be informal, it consists of choice viands taken in decorous surroundings.

At Keio lunch is gobbled in a kind of cellar, where a big box of rice forms the centre piece of the deal table, into which the professors dig with a wooden spade and, having transferred what they require into bowls, whisk it into their mouths with chopsticks. Pale green tea is the staple drink at lunch, as also in the common room where tea pots and cups are placed on the tables at each of the intervals between classes. These, however, are merely side-lights on university life in Japan and of no importance except as contrasts.

What strikes an outsider most in the higher education of the Japanese is its conservatism. Japan has become outwardly aggressively West-

ern, but the teaching of her children is old fashioned in that it follows minutely prescribed forms, the pupils being made to reason in mass and according to rule instead of individually and according to personal opinion. The result of this system can be seen in the fact that 90 per cent of the population of Japan does all its thinking in identical moulds!

The fundamental cause for this is, I suppose, the early teaching of Japanese children, who, having to memorize ideographs during the first six years of their schooling, apply the same methods later on to higher subjects without recourse to common sense. Again and again I have found that after explaining some point and satisfying myself that it was understood, the mere altering of the form of the question would baffle 95 per cent of the class, because having memorized my remarks, there was no mental initiative to tackle the same problem in a different manner. It is because of this way of learning by heart that though all Japanese, who have carried their education beyond the primary school, have had at least five years' study of English, the majority are unable to say or understand the simplest sentence a few years after leaving college.

Another thing which handicaps the Japanese boy in his study of English is that he tries to run before he can walk, or in other words dislikes the drudgery and wants to be reading advanced literature without preliminaries of grammar or spelling!

The man whose place I temporarily filled at Keio handed me over a class which was painfully wading through a book of extracts from 18th and 19th century essayists, the kind of literature which an English boy of eighteen would find none too easy to absorb. I pointed this out to my friend, but he explained to me that this was a literary class which would feel insulted if it was given a simple text book by an unknown author!

After thinking the matter over I have come to the conclusion that the Japanese student does not feel that it is essential in a country where there are so few foreigners, many of whom speak Japanese, to learn to *speak* English or French or German, but at the same time he does want to keep abreast of modern thought and the ability to read English is a bridge to wider knowledge. In the vicinity of any Japanese school or university there is always a book shop which, during class intervals and after hours, is thronged with students intent on examining volumes by authors of all nationalities. What is more surprising is that these students who buy the books (sometimes as translations but often in the original tongue of their publication) do not do so merely because they feel they ought to read certain authors deemed at the moment fashionable but because they are interested to find out what these people have to say.

Keio University possesses a library of which the English volumes alone would put many an educational institution in England to shame. Not

only are all the classics and some of the best known novelists there, but a wide variety of history, literary criticism, sociological, geographic and scientific works.

After my experiences at a Japanese university I was struck by the contrast of the Chinese who speak foreign languages with much greater fluency than the Japanese but have no desire to read anything foreign, for one never sees a student in Shanghai or Tientsin in a book shop of an extraterritorial concession. He does not seem to wish to know anything about the outside world, which is one of the fundamental reasons for China's failure to establish herself as a world power, and until her children learn to think nationally and internationally as in Japan, instead of parochially, this state of backwardness must continue.

At the same time I feel that the interests of Japan would be furthered if her youth concentrated a little less on higher literature and gave up a little more time to learning of the spoken foreign language. Books are valuable up to a certain point, but they express opinions of men and women who are not necessarily infallible, and though of course the mind can be improved by reading, it is more stimulating to discuss matters of interest with people who hold reasoned opinions on a variety of subjects. I cannot read Japanese, I know little about Japanese literature but I have learnt much about this country and its people through conversation with men who could speak my language, and

though it can be argued that an Englishman might just as well study Japanese at school, this is for obvious reasons impracticable, so that the effort must come from the other side, an effort which will, moreover, be rewarded by the dispelling of many present day misunderstandings.

These remarks on Japanese education are of course only based on what I have seen myself in the English classes at one university and I have obviously no right to criticize the system as a whole, but I do feel that what I have already said about teaching in Japan being too tied by rules is true, and that sooner or later an evolution must be made towards something more individual and with greater scope for initiative.

The Japanese boy is determined to learn and with that power of memorizing, intelligently applied, could achieve anything, but he cannot expect to excel if so many subjects are ground into his head before he is twenty.

## CHAPTER XVII

### INTIMATE TALKS WITH SOME OF JAPAN'S LEADING STATESMEN

It has been my privilege to have been intimately acquainted with three great prime ministers whose influence during their tenures of office had repercussions throughout the world, but though Georges Clémenceau, Aristide Briand and David Lloyd George differed from one another in appearance, personality and policy, they had all three one fundamental trait in common. Love of Power.

Before Clémenceau took over the reins of government as the great war prime minister of France, his role in politics had been that of a wrecker of ministries preferring to feel his strength as a menace to Cabinets than as a constitutional ruler, and when he did take office, in a moment of national crisis, he swept aside all parliamentary conventions and, ignoring the "defaitiste" intriguers about him, mounted the tribune in the Chamber and replied to the Socialists who wanted an outline of his future policy :

"Je fais la guerre!"

Briand said to me himself one day when I had suggested that the responsibilities of state must after a time become wearisome :

"Il n'y a aucune volupté qui se puisse comparer au pouvoir . . ." and Briand was a voluptuary



who knew the full value of the word "volupté".

Lloyd George became a patriot during the war and was one of those chiefly responsible for the Allies coming out of the conflict victorious, and his undoing was more due to his craving after power than to anything else.

Admiral Viscount Saito, Prime Minister of Japan, has probably many traits in his character not unlike those of the three men I have just mentioned, but he does not give the impression of someone who would attach undue importance to power. The first time that I met the Prime Minister was at an official banquet when, making his after dinner speech, he referred to the British and Japanese Empires as two small island peoples with much the same aspirations, and added a statement, which struck me as interesting, that he was the only prime minister who had held the rank of admiral. He spoke convincingly in English but with none of that gesticulation or emotional intonation of Lloyd George or Clémenceau.

My second encounter with Viscount Saito was at his Tokyo residence, a building of peculiar architecture which exteriorly almost suggests an immense Indian bungalow and interiorly a palace of the Incas.

A short flight of steps carpeted in royal blue bordered with scarlet led up from the entrance hall to a beautiful screen, to the left of which I was shown into a comfortable sitting room overlooking a large and lovely garden having in its centre the nearest approach to an

English lawn which I have ever seen outside my own country. What, however, interested me most about my visit to Viscount Saito was the complete absence of formality. To meet Briand at the Quai d'Orsay it was necessary to wait interminably in antechambers, and though I had known Clémenceau and Lloyd George from my childhood, it required perseverance to pass the jealous vigilance of the private secretaries.

Moreover, since the murder of Viscount Saito's predecessors, the Prime Minister's residence in Tokyo has been guarded day and night by squads of armed policemen and I would not have been at all surprised to have found myself arrested at the gates of the grounds! But not only was I permitted to pass without question on the mere presentation of my card but I did not even see the shadow of a private secretary, and before I had finished my contemplation of the garden, the Prime Minister was in the room, shaking hands.

Viscount Saito is strongly built but small of stature and does not look his seventy five years of age; the expression in his eyes is kind, the grip of his hand is convincing and his clothes decidedly British, for instead of the usual morning coat habitually worn by Japanese officials he had on a comfortable suit of grey tweeds.

Tea was brought, cigars were offered and in a few moments we were chatting intimately, until I suddenly realised that it was I who was being skillfully questioned, and though I eventually turned the conversation into channels

connected with Japan's interior and exterior policy, I left the Prime Minister's rooms with no query unanswered but no secrets revealed. I suppose that it is impossible for a man in a position of that kind to express an opinion, but in spite of this diplomatic reticence I was attracted by the Prime Minister's personality and felt convinced that, as long as he remains at the head of the government of Japan, the rest of the world can rest assured that Japan's policy will be one of temperance.

A complete contrast to Viscount Saito is the new Foreign Minister, Mr. Hirota, who though he had been in office barely a week, (Viscount Uchida recently retired worn out with years of ceaseless work) talked to me for three quarters of an hour with a charming frankness, formal "ice" having been quickly broken by the discovery of our mutual love of the country and dislike for noisy towns.

Mr. Hirota has a sparkling light in his eyes and a vivid sense of humour, laughs readily and possesses one of those active brains which "appreciates the situation" (as we used to say in the Army) accurately. He understands English perfectly but prefers to reply to questions through the intermediary of an interpreter.

After we had said all the evil we could about pavements and traffic congestion, I began asking about Russia, on which subject the Foreign Minister is an expert, and China, with which he is also familiar. Though it would take too long to write all that Mr. Hirota said, the substance

of his words did not confirm the rather pessimistic views of my soldier friends in Changchun on the subject of the "Red Menace", and he seemed to think that Russia would be satisfied, provided the development of the country within her frontiers progressed according to her plan. On the matter of China I led up by airing my views on the chaotic conditions of that vast country and the good services which Japan could render by helping the Chinese to administrate their Northern provinces. The Foreign Minister, while agreeing with me, said that such action would be impossible at present, for though he had many friends among influential Chinese who would appreciate Japan's counsel, the vast majority of the population would look upon it as a prelude to aggression, and added, after a pause, that the rest of the world regarded these Asiatic questions from a wrong point of view, for it was not so much a matter of what China or Japan did individually but one of general policy in which everyone should lend a helping hand. If it is better for Asia that China should be the dominant factor, let the Chinese rule, but if Japan is indicated as being more likely to deal efficaciously with the situation, let all those interested aid her to achieve her aim. What is wanted for the curing of the world's troubles is commerce, which can only be brought about when disorder has disappeared and peace been established.

We touched on other matters, the rupture of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the possibility

of eliminating future wars by a three-cornered agreement between Great Britain, the United States and Japan; we talked of golden moonrises over pine clad islands, of the loveliness of lake and mountain scenery in Autumn; of the Japanese character and its misjudgement abroad, in that the Japanese were at heart a friendly people who wanted to be liked; of the inability of Japan's statesmen to put their case under favourable light before the world. In fact our conversation drifted from topic to topic until I suddenly discovered that it was past lunch time.

As Mr. Hirota shook my hand at the entrance of his room, he said:

"The first four years of my career were spent at our Embassy in London, so that I somehow feel that my diplomatic training was carried out under British tutelage, and this I am sure enables me to see the points of view of our two countries perhaps more clearly than many Japanese."

General Sadao Araki is not a typical Japanese to look at. His face is pale, his eyes flicker like fireflies, his moustache is large and inclined to be shaggy, he talks quickly and readily, his laughter crackles like a machine gun. I should dislike to be "up against" General Araki, for without General Koiso's physical bulk he has also one of those personalities from which are bred dictators. We talked about Russia and about China, and it was made exceedingly clear to me that those two countries would be dealt with according to their merits if

they meddled with the affairs of Japan. I once more suggested the reorganization of North China under Japanese tutelage. General Araki twinkled and replied by a query:

"Would England be with us?"

I parried: "Only Japan is capable of dealing successfully with the situation."

"We can do nothing if England is not with us," insisted the General.

"Rome did not want the help of an Eastern power two thousand years ago," I answered, "what Rome did for Europe you can do for Asia."

The War Minister laughed as if agreeing and began talking on other topics, but he jumped so rapidly from subject to subject that I do not feel justified in repeating the scraps of information which I was able to retain in my head. I was, however, interested to hear that the general's son was finishing his education in England and I hope that he will meet the right type of Englishmen who will convince him that this mutual bogey-building has nothing more substantial behind it than the elements of a bogey.

I took a great liking to General Araki, and if I were Japanese I should feel that my country was safe as long as the wiry little general has anything to do with its government. Japan has a large army, but it is this army which keeps the peace in the Far East.

The quarters of Admiral Osumi are the cosiest of any of the officials' which I have visited. I sat in a comfortable arm chair, supported by my two good friends Captain Iwamura

and Mr. Kumasaki, though their presence in the role of interpreters was not necessary, as the Minister of the Navy speaks fluent English.

If one met Admiral Osumi wearing a bowler hat or in a *kimono*, one could not imagine that he was anything but a sailor, in fact one could almost say that he was a British sailor. He has that determined, good-natured expression associated with officers of our Navy which no members of any other nation have succeeded in reproducing.

The Admiral had read my articles on the Japanese Mandated Islands, so we discussed Japan's new mission in the Pacific, and I told him about the Spaniard whom I met in Palao, who had served in an official capacity under Spanish and German rule, and volunteered the information that the progress made since the Japanese occupation of these territories was remarkable and the development under the mandate beyond all expectation.

"And I suppose you had a good look at our fortified harbours and aerodromes?" enquired the Admiral merrily.

"Of course," I replied in the same tones, "though I am sorry to say that I found the harbours insufficiently deep for ships of any tonnage, while the aerodromes were on the sides of precipices and covered with palm trees. Japanese naval and air officers must be more skillfull than their colleagues of the West if they can anchor and land in places which do not exist."

The Admiral chuckled and then asked in more serious tones :

“Well, how are we to convince the world that we are abiding by the clauses of the treaties which we have signed?”

“Tell the N. Y. K. to make more publicity about their South Sea Island trips,” I replied without hesitation. “The islands are lovely, the ships are good and the fares are cheap. Encourage foreigners to visit these archipelagos. The N. Y. K. will make money and the fortification scare will disappear.”

The Admiral, being a busy man, there was no time to develop this discussion, but I found myself once more surprised at this curious lack of foresight on the part of the Japanese in matters connected with Western reactions, which, moreover, could be so easily eliminated by the employment of the right type of foreign adviser.

After visiting the Ministry of Education, I retract all I have said previously about the shabbiness of the Gaimusho, for this great concrete building, with its large well lighted offices and modern innovations, which houses those who watch over the destinies of Japan's youth is superior to anything in Whitehall.

My discussions with ministers had, up to date, been of peace and war, and though these political aspects of Japan were of absorbing interest to me, it was with a feeling of pleasant anticipation that I found myself being unshered into the presence of Mr. Hatoyama, the Minister of Education.



Mr. Hatoyama, who by profession is a lawyer, is a squarely built powerful man with a broad forehead and searching eyes. Though he has never been to England his English is excellent.

Our talk resolved itself into an exchange of views, as the Minister was as anxious to hear about the system of education in Great Britain as I was to discover something about teaching in Japan.

After explaining that our universities aimed as much at character forming of the undergraduate as at actual mental development, I suggested that the Japanese student underwent a process of intensive cramming, so that by the time he was of age to take his place in the world his mind was saturated with knowledge much of which would, even if he remembered it, be of little use to him in his career.

Mr. Hatoyama replied that up to a certain point he agreed with me and was in favour of reform but that there were grave difficulties to overcome, the foremost being the desire of all Japanese parents to give their children a first class school and university education, so that in order to meet this demand all teaching establishments had to aim at the highest standards for which the only test was the successful passing by the students of lengthy examinations, no public office or good business position being open to anyone who had not graduated with success from a university. The qualifying degree was, moreover, high; the Minister quoting as an

example eleven vacancies for the Foreign Office last year and over two hundred applicants! He further added that if young men were not kept hard at work they would get into trouble or become the prey of "dangerous thoughts" propagandists.

This latter statement brought me at once to the question of strikes at universities and I asked how such a state of affairs could be tolerated in a country as well disciplined as Japan. The Minister looked surprised.

"You never have strikes in your schools and universities then?"

I shook my head.

"But if you did what would happen?"

"Everyone concerned would be "sent down" and the ringleaders would be debarred from taking degrees."

"That would be impossible in Japan," he said finally.

Our conversation then turned on to subjects more relevant to education, to teachers, methods of teaching, text books in Japan, comparing them with the same things in my own country, and I was surprised to find how democratic is the schooling of the Japanese. Whereas in England only a select few can go to the greater public schools and universities, and as a natural result find immediate openings for careers, in Japan the education is precisely the same for all classes, the door of every university being open to anyone who can pass the examination and spend the equivalent of about £10 annually on

tuition fees! I was too taken aback at this piece of information to make any comment and could only think of Eton where the "students'" personality counted before their aptitude to answer examination papers and £10 would have been barely sufficient to pay for the lemonades and ices which I "socked" down town during the course of a year.

I suppose that if one really settled down to discuss the respective merits of educations one could go on almost indefinitely. It is a matter so fundamentally important to a nation's future nowadays that no avenue which may lead to its improvement should be left unexplored, but I feel certain that from that modernly equipped office with its large windows and bright distempered walls, great things will emanate and develop on the right lines under the genial care of Mr. Hatoyama.

I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting the other members of Viscount Saito's Cabinet, but if they are of the calibre of the five statesmen with whom I have had contact, the Japanese nation should be able to safely weather the storms which assuredly await her before she can establish herself in her rightful position as the counsellor and controller of the Far East.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE JAPANESE MANDATED ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

FEELING that my study of Japan's problems would not be complete without seeing how she was dealing with questions quite different to those which confronted her in her own islands and on the Asiatic mainland, I decided to make a trip to the mandated territories of the Pacific, and watch the Japanese at work among primitive savages, and finding that small steamers ran regularly to the South Seas, booked the necessary passage.

The idea of cruising over the Pacific in a 6000 ton steamer for five weeks, a period almost as long as the journey from Japan to England which is usually undertaken in a luxurious liner, suggested discomfort and bad food. I experienced neither.

The "Shizuoka Maru" of the N.Y.K. line looked like a small launch, as she lay berthed in Yokohama under the shadow of the German world cruiser "Resolute", but in the roughest weather, (and the sea on the way to the South Sea Islands is by no means smooth) even when she was wrecked, our little boat behaved like a 30000 tonner and without that uncomfortable vibration of modern passenger vessels.

Personally I get a much greater thrill in boarding a ship which is a ship than the kind

of floating palace hotels which now cross the ocean, quite apart from the fact that my return fare, first class, came to the equivalent of just over £20.

The menus, though not elaborate, consisted of well cooked dishes with a lunch worthy of any liner, and though the Japanese ate their own food at breakfast and at dinner, anything foreign style could be had to order; the cabins were real cabins and comfortable, the baths sufficient for the number of passengers and the ship's officers and stewards all spoke English.

In spite of my extensive travelling by sea, I have never lost that feeling of pleasurable anticipation on entering my cabin at the beginning of a journey. This four-walled compartment is going to be my home for a period of weeks or months, in that bunk I shall lie dawn after dawn seeing such a variety of scenes framed in the round porthole. To-day it is the misty quays of Yokohama, to-morrow it will be the Pacific, in a week from now it will be some coral island; had I been a clairvoyant I should have said: "In ten days' time it will be the ship's boats dangling from their davits while the angry sea tries to pound the "Shizuoka Maru" to pieces as she lies on the reef at Rumung."

The South Sea Islands, which were placed under Japanese mandate by the Peace Treaty of Versailles in 1919, consist of three archipelagos known as the Marianas, the Carolines and the Marshalls, and comprise some 1400 islands scattered over a vast expanse of water lying

South of Japan, with Hawaii away to the East, the Philippines as a nearer Western neighbour and New Guinea some little distance off on the other side of the Equator.

These islands are almost unknown to the average traveller as being on no regular European or American steamship route, and having little commercial importance, they are not visited by tourists or traders other than Japanese. They are nevertheless of great scenic beauty and of political importance and, had not Japan entered the war in 1914 on the side of the Allies, could have been utilised as an enemy base and made it almost impossible to move troops from Australia to France. For this reason an idea has grown up in the minds of certain scaremongers that Japan has been fortifying these territories, and when I announced my intention to make an expedition to the Marianas and Carolines, it was hinted to me by some foreigners that my visit would be resented by the Japanese Government! However, from the moment I approached the Naval and Overseas Departments in Tokyo, I was treated with the utmost courtesy, issued with letters of introduction and given all available information and travel facilities.

I am no naval expert, but having travelled much by sea, I can estimate the sizes of ships and the corresponding harbours which will accommodate them, and after visiting Saipan, Tinian, Yap, Palao and Angaur as well as some of the remoter islands, I am convinced that not only are the Japanese doing nothing to construct

naval bases, but that these ports would be quite unsuitable for anything but commercial purposes on a small scale. There are good anchorages within a mile or so of the places above mentioned, but these are only safe in fair weather and none of them can be approached after dark, while the treacherous coral reefs which surround the islands make navigation risky. The harbour of Saipan, about which there has been a certain amount of controversy, is no different to any others, except that it has a small pier under construction which, when completed, will be utilisable by the smaller cargo boats. There is nothing secret about the work being done, and I was not only permitted to spend an hour in this harbour, bathing and taking photographs but was asked into the engineer's office and saw the plans to cut away the reef so that the working of cargo will cease to depend on the caprices of the weather. Neither did I see any flat place which could be used as an aerodrome or any signs of oil tanks or refuelling bases. In fact, when we were at Palao, one of the N. Y. K. boats had to transfer 300 tons of coal to a Japanese cruiser which happened to be there and was short of fuel.

The traveller or investigator who decides to visit these islands has two itineraries open to him, an Eastern and a Western. The Western, which I took, is perhaps the more beautiful and of greater interest, as it includes the Palao group in which is Korrör, the seat of government, and after my experiences in Manchoukuo, I realised

that the journalist who remained at headquarters heard far more than his more enterprising colleagues who rushed madly about the country in search of local news.

We sailed from Yokohama in the general confusion of setting out on a sea journey. Friends to see us off, drinks to be exchanged, luggage to be unpacked and stored in limited space, an atmosphere of upheaval, though why there should be all this fuss when there is going to be nothing to do for days to come, nothing but that marvellous boredom of long sea journeys, during which there will be no worries. The minutes will slip away like sand from an hour glass, the present will cease to be an illusion, the whole of the future resolving itself into the evening drink followed by dinner. Somebody mentioned when we sailed that it was April 14th, but who cares? What matters if it is Christmas Day? We are at sea, to-morrow we shall be at sea and the day after and the day after that. . . .

The first few days out from Yokohama were uneventful. Twenty four hours after leaving the misty shores of Japan, we began to feel the weight of our winter clothing, and on the morning of the second day everyone appeared in white; from that time onwards the weather became more and more tropical and it seemed difficult to believe that so few miles separated us from central heating.

We passed the Bonins, which looked barren and uninviting, and in the early morning of April



18th came to Mount Urakasu. It was still quite dark when the Chief Steward knocked on our door and said, "Volcano!" I looked out of my porthole and saw the outline of a mountain rising sheer out of the sea, the summit of which blazed red against the blackness of the tropic sky, the whole effect incredibly fearsome, as with crashes like a barrage of H.E. flames shot up hundreds of feet from the crater, while the molten lava streamed down the sides and fell hissing into the sea. The impression was almost one of a stage effect, in fact, had we not been in the middle of the Pacific, it might have been supposed that the whole thing was a theatrical fake. Urakasu is the most northerly "island" of the South Sea archipelago.

The first view of Saipan is disappointing, as it has nothing of the imagined coral island; true, there is the surf breaking on the reef which girdles the mainland and that wondrous variety of blues and greens of the sea inside the lagoon, but the town itself is a series of parallel streets of corrugated iron-roofed Japanese houses and shops selling Japanese goods specially made for export to the South Sea Islands, in particular large straw hats of a delicate shade of green which the ladies of our party at once bought and wore to the amusement of the natives, this specie of head dress being the perquisite of island men! There are also some amusing curio shops with strange carvings from coconuts and tortoise-shell work, but there is no romantic atmosphere and the majority of the

inhabitants are disappointingly civilized and overclothed.

The interior of the island confirms the disillusion of the first impression from the ship; the soil is poor and stony in which sugar cane struggles vainly to look prosperous, even the coconut palms grow in small mangy clumps. Attempts have been made to plant coffee and tapioca as well as other products of the tropics, and there are the usual papayas, bread fruit and banana groves, but when one thinks of that aggressive vegetation of the Dutch Indies, one is inclined to compare these islands of the Mariana group to back gardens in a big town.

Saipan's natural unattractiveness is further enhanced by an atmosphere of exploitation of the visitor, and let me warn anyone, who is not well supplied with ready cash, against taking a car (there are on the island a dozen battered old vehicles which manage to grunt along the roads, which are comparatively good, being made of white coral pounded into the track). We took a drive round the island, which was of no great distance, it could not be anything on this diminutive islet, and were charged ¥45! It was impossible to get any redress, though the hotel proprietor where we dined shook his head disapprovingly as the Japanese driver insisted on his fare.

Tinian, though only a few hours away from Saipan by sea, is much more of the expected coral island. We cruised along a low lying coast with sugar cane running down to the sea and

anchored in a limpid bay floored with white sand. Lighters came out from the harbour to collect cargo and passengers while we lazed on deck in a balmy temperature, looking down into the crystal water in which we could see great fish with beak-like heads swimming round and scattering myriads of tiny fish, emerald and sapphire, striped and spotted.

As the sun began to dip towards the West, we went on shore to have a bathe. Bathing from a South Sea Island is an ecstasy, if one can find the right place, which is never easy owing to the danger from sharks. We were, however, lucky on this occasion and discovered a sheltered creek with a white sandy beach, surrounded by rocks and protected by a miniature reef. Palm trees grew down to the water's edge and in the undergrowth tiny scarlet birds flitted from branch to branch in a paradise of loveliness.

We strolled back to the harbour in the cool of the evening past little houses covered with purple bouganvillea, bowed to respectfully by smiling copper coloured folk, many of whom greeted us in German, while some of the older men proudly aired a few words of Spanish. The majority of the younger people, we discovered, had a varying knowledge of Japanese, in fact this language is essential for any general intercourse between the different islands. This statement requires a little explanation.

The natives of these mandated territories can be divided into two races, the Chamorros

and the Kanakas, and differ not only in language and customs but do not intermarry or even associate with each other. The language difficulty, however, does not end there, for even within the circles of these two respective races there is no common language, different dialects being spoken in the different islands. A German missionary working in an island of the Palao group told me that he was able to preach to his own flock in their own tongue, but that twenty miles away he would not be understood. This is chiefly due to the rare and difficult communications between the islands, many of which are separated by great distances.

Since Japan took over the islands, government schools have been opened in all the more important centres to which the natives are encouraged, but not forced to attend and be taught free of charge. The number of inhabitants who avail themselves of these opportunities is steadily increasing with the desired result of making Japanese the language common to all. This fact is, to my mind, one reason among many why there should be no question of Japan giving up her mandate. The people are being educated with that efficiency only known in Japan, and having learnt a common language and come to regard the Japanese, who are far more akin to the islanders than any European or American could hope to be, as their protectors, it would be a great waste of labour to have to start all over again on some different system.

The Japanese were given a mandate and it



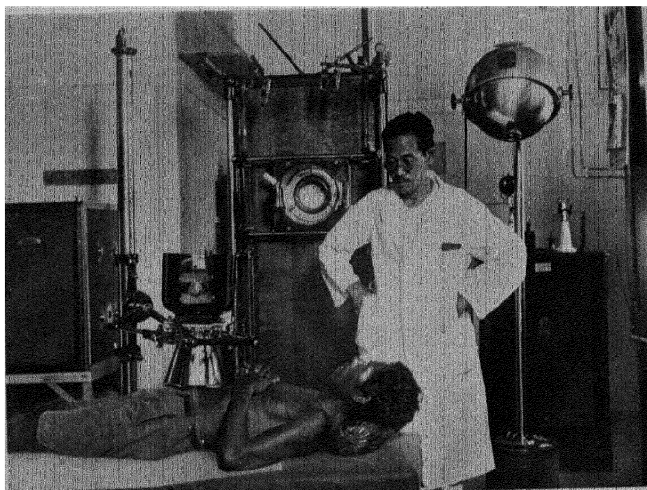
The learning of the Japanese language is spreading in the mandated islands. Here is a native woman teaching little girls to write in the jungle near Yap.



Native houses in Davao have to be built above the level of the ground because of the high tides in this part of the Pacific.



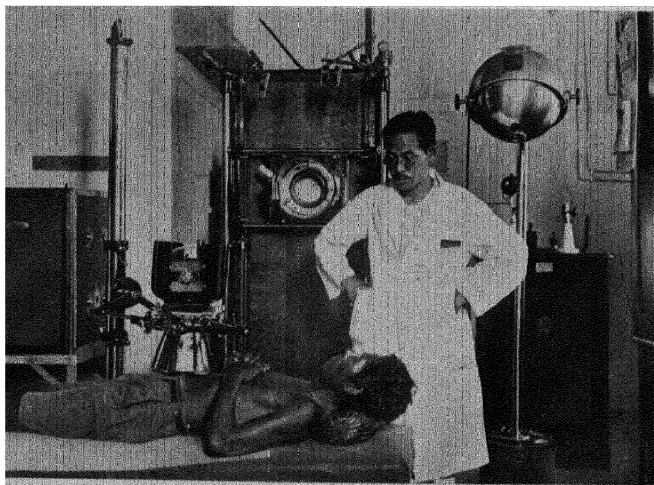
Chamorro girls of Yap in Japanese nurse's dress going to their duties at the hospital.



South Sea Islander being treated by a Japanese



Chamorro girls of Yap in Japanese nurse's dress going to their duties at the hospital.



South Sea Islander being treated by a Japanese doctor in Palao.

is only necessary to see their hospitals, their roads, their schools, their cultivation of unproductive soil, and glance at the statistics of money expended on the islands to realise how conscientious has been the carrying out of their task.

Christianity seemed to flourish among the people of the Mariana Islands, and we heard religious services going on as we strolled in the cool of the evening down the little street of Japanese houses. The missionaries are chiefly Spanish Catholics and a few German Calvinists, and I could not help feeling rather ashamed of the old world religions when a German pastor told me with pride that he was only on nodding terms with his Catholic colleagues and of the rivalry which existed between them in the matter of retrieving converts who had strayed into the "wrong fold". It must be so difficult for the poor natives to understand why the Christ of one sect should be better or worse than of another.

We left Tinian after sampling one of its most important products, whisky! The islands of Saipan and Tinian export yearly to Japan 75,000 litres of this spirit described on the label as "Genuine Old Scotch Whisky Made in Saipan", which is a high explosive manufactured from molasses and sold to the coolie class in Tokyo at 20 *sen* a bottle. The manager of the sugar factory told me that he was trying to make Port from the same ingredients but that up-to-date there had been difficulty in obtaining



a satisfactory colour. I made no comments but during the rest of my trip in the South Seas confined myself to *saké* when I felt that my system needed alcohol.

## CHAPTER XIX

### WRECKED ON A CORAL REEF

THERE is a saying, I believe, among the Japanese that a ship which carries many sea captains on board is certain to go aground. I do not know if there are any statistics on this subject but we were certainly well equipped for such an eventuality, as, in addition to the Captain and officers of the "Shizuoka Maru", we had in the first class saloon Commander U. Umezaki of the Japanese Navy, Captain B. Saito, late of the N. Y. K. line, and Lieutenant M. Burnett R. N., a young English language student from Tokyo.

There were also two foreign ladies on board, my wife and an Australian girl called Miss Marshall.

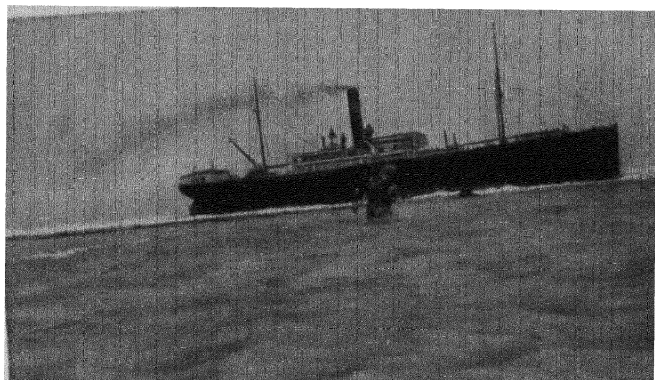
I served in the army through the Great War, I have been in a railway accident and had many adventures during my travels and explorations, but until I was shipwrecked I had not experienced a complete paralysis of mind which overcame me when the "Shizuoka Maru" first struck the reef.

In action the soldier instinctively keeps his head down during a bombardment, for though the trench may be of no practical protection, there is a feeling of consolation in being behind something while shells are falling all round; in a railway accident there is the knowledge that

once extricated from the smash, escape from danger will be immediate. But in shipwreck it is quite different, and when on that dawn of April 23rd the "Shizuoka Maru" struck the reef, shuddered, staggered on and stopped, I could do nothing for the first few moments but lie in my bunk as if someone had struck me a blow over the head. Then, as my reasoning powers returned, I peered cautiously out of the port-hole, expecting to see I do not quite know what, and was surprised at the proximity of the surf foaming on the reef and the dim outline of an island which the dawn disclosed. My wife, in the meanwhile, was calling to me anxiously, so clambering out of the bunk I suddenly found myself losing my balance and thrown on the floor, as a wave struck the vessel causing her to stagger as if she would heel over.

Two people dressing in a small cabin under normal conditions is trying, at the time of shipwreck it is a nightmare. During the first few minutes no one knows what has happened, there is no one to speak words of comfort, the ship's company and passengers alike are all feverishly putting on some sort of garments and tying on life belts.

As soon as I had collected my wits and put on shorts and a shirt and tied on the life-belt, which nearly suffocated me in the tropical heat, I went on deck and found that in spite of the uncanny silence all the members of the ship's company were at their appointed posts, carrying out their duties as if they were taking part in a



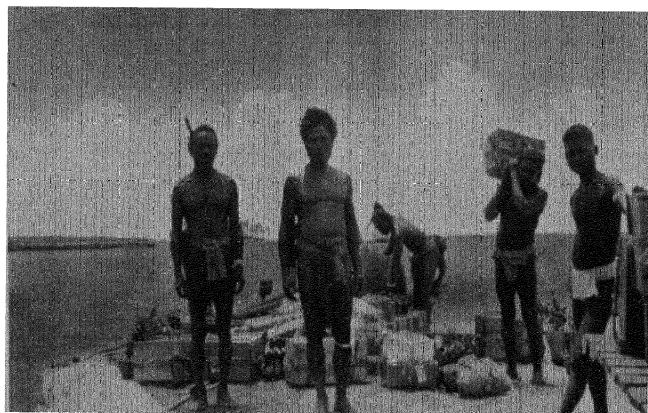
Shizuoka Maru on the rocks.



Major and Mrs. Botley ready to abandon the wrecked  
Shizuoka Maru.



The author still grasping his type-writer, landing from the shipwreck at Rumung.



Natives landing stores from the wrecked Shizuoka Maru.

demonstration of the correct way to act during shipwreck. The Captain stood on the bridge issuing orders through a megaphone, the boat crews were uncovering the life boats and swinging them out on their davits, other officers mustered the third class passengers forward, sailors collected mail from the hold and stacked them on the deck, stewards rolled rice into balls and placed them in ration boxes, the crew of the Captain's motor launch overhauled the engine, the purser hurried to the cabins of the first class passengers with words of reassurance while at the same time he saw that their life-belts were properly adjusted. It was one of those magnificent examples of absolute self-control and discipline, of orderly efficiency for which the Japanese are reputed, for though there was no immediate danger, the great rollers of the Pacific, following one another in regular cadence, thundered against the port side of the ship, shaking it from stem to stern and drenching the decks with spray.

At first no one seemed to know what had happened or what was going to be done. The optimists suggested that high tide would float us off, the pessimists that any big wave would carry us into deep water to sink.

What had actually occurred was this. On a falling tide we had struck a hidden reef on which we were now firmly lodged, there was a rent in the keel and one propeller had been torn away. Our danger was therefore twofold. The tide when it rose might lift us off our rock,

when we would probably sink, or the weather, which was very unsettled, might develop into a storm, and with any marked increase in the force and size of the waves, the ship would begin to break up or be battered off the reef. This situation was further complicated in that the landing of passengers was no easy matter, for though, a couple of miles away, the sandy beaches of a palm green island looked temptingly inviting, the reaching of this haven would be fraught with difficulties. Immediately about us a shark-infested sea, fairly deep, swirled and foamed, making embarkation into boats no easy matter, and before these boats could reach the smooth water of the lagoon the main reef, about two hundred yards broad, had to be crossed, which, with the ebb of the tide, would soon be an impossible feat except on a raft. The Captain, therefore, devised the plan of sending out two boats with just a few of the crew carrying a rope across the reef, where they would wait in the lagoon to pick up passengers when and if they got across. This hazardous manœuvre was accordingly put into effect and was greatly facilitated by the arrival of a number of wild looking natives in dug-out canoes who, regardless of the danger from sharks, plunged into the sea and helped to guide the boats and carry the rope across the rocks.

This, of course, all took time and we stood on the promenade deck anxiously watching the manœuvring, wondering how it would be possible for boats full of passengers to make the

crossing which was proving difficult to the sailors. In the meanwhile the stewards had issued coffee and later breakfast would be served as usual, and though a few of us did go down to the saloon, it was rather in a spirit of bluff as no one felt inclined to eat while the ship shuddered as the waves broke against her side and the wireless squeaked out S.O.S., S.O.S. which no ship within a hundred miles answered. The only thing which kept my mind occupied was the taking of photographs, which I continued doing until we set foot on shore, and I can think of nothing more difficult than changing films in a life boat or up to the knees in foaming surf with a wife imploring one not to waste time and take unnecessary risks. But I remained deaf, realising that this would probably be my only shipwreck and opportunity to get such original pictures.

However, to revert to the narrative. Captain Saito finally came smiling among us and said that the landing must be begun at once if we were all to get ashore in safety. So clutching certain small belongings, my typewriter, camera and some manuscripts, my wife her small Thibetan lion dog, the others various packages (it is astonishing how difficult it is to know what to take and what to leave when all must be carried in the hand, and I remember stuffing tins of tobacco, films and a bottle of Kruschen Salts into my pockets but forgetting a tooth brush, and rushing back at the last minute to save my regimental cuff links which



had been given to me when I joined the Army in 1911.) The dog of course had no idea that it was going into danger and regarded the whole episode as a joyous release from cramped life on board.

Owing to the fact of the "Shizuoka Maru" being perched high up on its rock, the ladder down the side of the vessel was at a nearly perpendicular angle and many feet above the boat which bobbed up and down on the waves, so that each passenger on reaching the last step had to wait and judge the exact moment when to jump. The first debarkation was, however, carried out without mishap and we began our spray drenched journey, being hauled along the rope to the reef. Here once more nerve and judgement were required in order to spring into shallow water when the boat was carried forward by a wave, as the least error would have meant falling into the sea out of our depths; however, here again there were no accidents and we stepped out over the reef up to our knees in water, the temperature of which must have been over 70. What a blessed thing tropical heat is during a shipwreck; I cannot think of anything grimmer than if we had been obliged to do all this in an icy sea and a freezing wind.

The passengers now grouped on the reef made a wonderful picture in their varied clothes, shorts, trousers, pyjamas, *kimonos*, and a Philippine priest who, in complete black suit, black boots, Roman collar and black felt hat, clutched

an ebony handled umbrella which, when a squall of rain came on, he solemnly opened and stood protecting his head while the water swirled round his knees. Later on when we had landed on the island, I saw this holy man conscientiously drying the umbrella and carefully rolling it up with as much care as an employee in Briggs. As far as I could gather, the umbrella was all he saved.

When we had crossed the reef on foot, we embarked in one of the life-boats which waited in the lagoon and rowed across to land, but here again the water was too shallow to approach, so we all had to tumble into the sea again and wade ashore; and what a wondrous shore it was, even in our bedraggled, nerve strained state of mind it was impossible not to gaze in ecstasy at the snow white beach with its feathery palm trees growing down to the water's edge and see coming out of the luxuriant vegetation, where ginger and papaya and bread-fruit trees crowded each other out, wild-looking, copper-coloured men with feathers in their hair and brightly tatooed bodies, who wore nothing but scarlet loin cloths and necklaces of coral, followed at a discreet distance by women in grass skirts. The older men bowed and smiled while the youths swarming up coconut palms shook down the fruit while their elders hacked them open and offered us the cool milk to drink. It might have been a picture of a shipwreck in the eighteenth century.

A little way back from the shore was a

massive house, before which were arranged great round stones like giant wheels about which I learnt much later, but as I do not wish to interrupt the narrative of the shipwreck, I will return to these people, who have no money and live by barter, in a subsequent chapter.

The island on which we had been cast up was Rumung of the Yap group, but being rather remote from the port of Yap itself, had been little visited by white people and never by any white women, so that the excitement among the dames in grass skirts on seeing the two Englishwomen can be imagined. After counting the shipwrecked party, the second purser took charge and led us through long shady avenues paved with enormous slabs of granite. Brightly coloured birds flitted through the branches while scarlet land crabs scuttled away and hid themselves in holes in the ground. The whole effect was fairy-like and in some places suggested almost a stage setting. The people who passed us always bowed and smiled, and though at first inclined to be timid, soon grew accustomed to our appearance and clustered round. Many of the women were followed by little pink pigs which they appeared to regard in the same way as pet dogs.

Towards two o'clock some stewards from the "Shizuoka Maru" miraculously appeared with a large box of boiled rice and a few tins of sardines which we ate ravenously, washing down the meal with coconut milk, after which we went through the formula essential to ship-

wrecks of setting out and examining our belongings, wondered where we should sleep the night and again felt relieved that it was not cold, as the weather was squally and every now and then heavy showers of warm rain poured down on us, followed immediately by a drying sun.

What was most striking was the absolute calm of the Japanese passengers. There were 170 odd of them, many of whom were women and children, but not one of them grumbled or appeared to regard it as at all extraordinary to have to settle down for the night in the midst of the jungle, perhaps for nights, with no certainty of food and a practical assurance that they had lost all they possessed in the "Shizuoka Maru". It was one of those real examples of people determined to make the best of a bad business cheerfully.

As there seemed to be little prospect of anything going to happen, some of us set out exploring along the coast, following the paths paved as if by giants, but in reality made by the Germans, and I began to feel glad that we had been wrecked, as under ordinary circumstances it would have been impossible to visit this island which surpassed in natural beauty anything which I had seen before. A wealth of tropical vegetation, beaches like powdered snow, emerald wavelets which rippled over the coral, small wicker huts, great buildings with high pointed roofs supported on huge tree trunks, evidently council halls for the notabilities of the island, all the perfumes of the jungle after rain,

venerable old savages with long beards and no clothes, young braves with feathers in their fuzzy hair stalking along, proudly carrying fish spears, perfectly made girls with rustling grass skirts, a red flower behind their ears, pine apples growing wild; a dreamland of some inspired artist.

In a small bay floored with white sand we bathed, scattering shoals of strange fish of all the colours of the rainbow.

When we returned to our "camp", we found that Commander Umezaki, surprisingly clean in his white uniform complete with badges of rank and gold aiguillettes, had landed and taken command of the shipwrecked. He announced that we were to spend the night where we were and that lighters with a tug would come at dawn to take us to Yap.

I asked him for news of the "Shizuoka Maru".

"As long as the weather remains fair, she won't break up and a salvage ship from Japan may be able to reach her in time to save her;" he replied.

We dined off rice, bread and margarine and coconut milk by the light of a huge wood fire, and having been issued with one ship's blanket apiece, lay down with our heads on our life-belts and tried to sleep under a green roof of palm branches, lulled by those mysterious sounds of the jungle as of thousands of creatures breathing in the undergrowth, while fantastic nude figures fed the fire with coconut shells to keep away mosquitos.

As the dawn crept mauvely over the island the camp stirred, and before it was really light, Commander Umezaki mustered us and we embarked on lighters which were towed through lagoons past steaming mangrove swamps, until some two and a half hours later we came to Yap, where the Resident and his staff, together with the local school children, waited for us on the pier! And what a crowd of sea-stained derelicts we looked beside these officials in their well creased drill suits. The Resident took us up to his office where he fed us on bully beef and rice, after which we were allotted a small newly built Japanese house with clean mats and a bath, and from that time onwards for a fortnight slept on the floor and lived "*à la japonaise*"; and as for the twentieth time we brandished our chopsticks or lay down on the "*futons*", I thought of our arrival in Japan the previous Autumn and our excitement on the first occasion when we had eaten Japanese food and slept on a Japanese mattress bed, of how ecstactically I had written of this way of living and my wife's delight at the sliding *shoji* and the Japanese bath and little rice bowls. One should never have a surfeit of good things, as though I still enjoy my Japanese food and my little thimble cups of *saké*, a moment came during those weeks when I would have given all I had in my pockets for a roast leg of mutton and a whisky and soda.

As soon as we were bodily clean, we could not of course change our clothes, (and were at a great disadvantage with our Japanese colleagues

who were able to rig themselves out in *kimono* and *geta* while their suits were washed) we began to wonder what would happen next. No one seemed to know anything, until on the evening of the second night after our arrival we were called upon to attend a shipwreck meeting at the local school where the third class passengers were housed.

At the rendezvous we found about fifty or sixty of our comrades in misfortune squatting on the floor, the majority of whom wore clean *kimonos*, the women had their hair ceremoniously arranged, their faces blanched with liquid white powder, but there were a few who still looked shipwrecked; one man, I remember, in a jaeger vest and nothing else, another in what appeared to be a pair of white jodhpurs, a third in a rather short burberry. However, they were all of them polished by soap and shaven, making me feel over conscious of my growing beard, everyone was in good spirits, the hilarity reaching bursting point when the chair which was offered me, probably intentionally, suddenly collapsed. The meeting was opened by our purser who arrived from the wreck of the "Shizuoka Maru" in a dirty uniform coat, shorts, woolen stockings and *tabi* (cloven socks to wear with *geta*). He made a short speech rather nervously, apologising on behalf of the Captain for all the inconvenience caused to the people who had been entrusted to his care, and asked if anyone had complaints to register. There was a second's pause, then the whole assembly made a con-

certed bow with a concerted indrawing of breath, another second's silence and then the man in jodhpurs thanked the purser for all he had said and expressed his companions' appreciation for the fine behaviour of the officers and crew of the "Shizuoka Maru". The assembly bowed and sighed again in unison and waited for the next orator, a jumpy little man, secretary to the Governor General of the South Sea Islands, who had been sent to look after our repatriation.

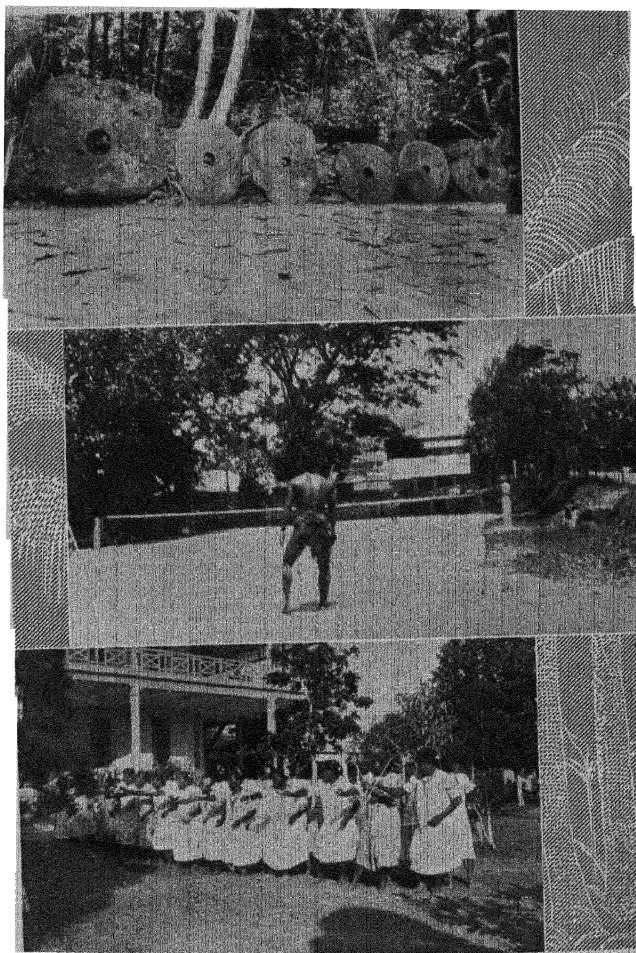
He explained briefly that Yap, which depended a great deal for its provisions on the stores sent from Japan, had not only been deprived of its monthly supply by the wreck of the "Shizuoka Maru" but had further been called upon to feed 170 extra mouths, and was consequently feeling the pinch; it had therefore been decided to send the wrecked passengers in batches of 60 to Palao on board the 180 ton motor-boat belonging to the Government Fisheries. Did anyone object? No one objected, everyone bowed and the meeting broke up in gentle cordiality; for though it is impossible to paint the atmosphere of that evening, there was something intimate about it, a comradeship born of our misfortune, and instead of the excusable bickerings and complaints associated with such a situation a determined resignation and a genuine desire to make the best of a bad business.

During the whole of that 260 mile journey from Yap to Palao in that cockle-shell of a motor-boat, which vibrated like a destroyer and rolled like an old-fashioned Channel steamer,

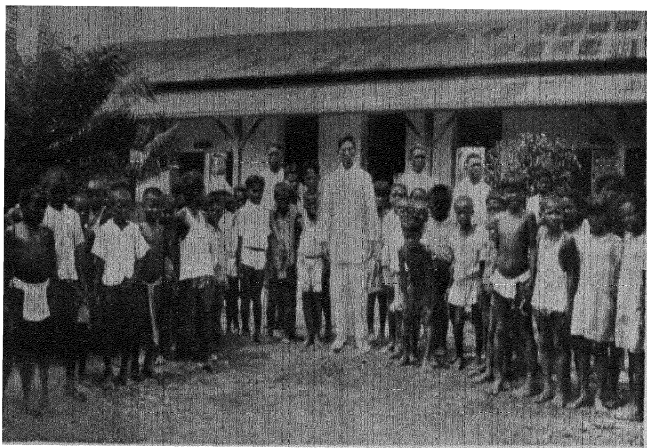


where for twenty-eight hours everyone was piled on deck and most of the women were ill, there was not a murmur: and when we anchored opposite the only lighthouse in the South Sea Islands, waiting for the daylight to enable us to negotiate the reef, I was asked if I would care to fish and, having accepted a line, sat with my shipwreck colleagues for the last time and caught strange pink and orange fish with goggle eyes and phosphorescent scales, while a hot breeze brought me all the heavy scents from the jungle on shore.

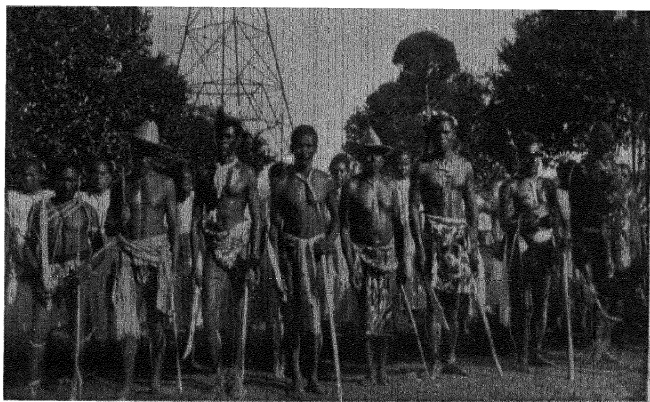
This, therefore, ended the shipwreck episode, and though I would not like to repeat it I do not regret the experience. Crises bring out the characters of men and of nations, and in this case it showed the Japanese individually and as a people to fulfill the qualifications of that English term so difficult to define "gentlemen". Of a people so traditionally disciplined the cool and efficient organization in time of emergency I had expected, but what I did not anticipate was the courtesy, consideration and hospitality of everyone towards us foreigners. Government officials, N. Y. K. agents, crew went out of their way to make us feel at home, and there are certainly four Britons who will never admit anyone saying that the Japanese are rude or overbearing Xenophobes.



(above) Yap money laid out before the municipal building as evidence of the community's liquid capital. (middle) Chamorro braves playing fierce tennis at Yap in the heat of the day. (below) Native Kanaka women dancing in the night gowns insisted on by missionaries.



**Japanese schoolmaster and pupils at Pelilu, a lonely island of the Palao group never visited by mail boats.**



**Chamorro dancers in Palao.**

## CHAPTER XX

### "OFF THE BEATEN TRACK" IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

HAD we not been shipwrecked, my visit to the South Sea Islands would have been superficial, as I should merely have called at half a dozen ports for a few hours, obtaining only hazy glimpses of the conditions of life of the inhabitants under Japanese rule. As it turned out I spent over fifteen days on shore and through the courtesy of the Governor-General, Baron Matsuda, who placed his launch at the disposal of my wife and myself, was able to visit some of the remoter islands.

As stated in the previous chapter, the island of Rumung of the Yap archipelago, where we landed after the shipwreck, is one of the most beautiful places in the world, but in addition to this beauty which characterizes the South Sea Islands, Yap and its people have certain things about them which are unique. Modern monetary currency, as we understand it, is not used by the natives of the island, who carry on all business through a curious system of barter with great rocks shaped like millstones with a hole in the middle, as their "gold" basis! These rocks, which are of volcanic origin, were originally quarried in the Palao group of islands, some 260 miles to the West, conveyed to Yap, where they were exchanged for the equivalent

in kind, some of the larger stones being worth ¥ 300.

Those people who wished to possess an immovable and visible capital exchanged agricultural produce, land or live-stock for the equivalent in value of the stone or stones required, which then became their capital and were placed in a prominent position outside their houses, so that as one wanders through the jungles of the Yap islands, one is always aware of the proximity of a village, often hidden in the undergrowth, by a great array of stones outside the "Men's House", a kind of municipal council room.

The people of Yap likewise use as means of exchange a large pink shell, the interior of which, not unlike mother-of-pearl, is manufactured in Japan into buttons, as also direct barter of jungle produce for foreign made goods. I was standing one day in a Japanese store in Yap, when two naked braves came in, and handed two small hen's eggs across the counter, which the shopman examined and gave in exchange two boxes of matches. The natives appeared to be grumbling over the deal, and on investigation I discovered that what they wanted was ice, which was not considered by the storekeeper to be the equivalent of two eggs! I made an experiment as to the profit made over this transaction and found that the boxes of matches were being sold at one *sen* each, while eggs were valued at 2 *sen* a piece!

A man who wants to do a big bit of business must have recourse to his stones, both

contracting parties knowing that the deal is quite safe, the stones and what is to be sold having their recognized value. People may ask why enormous quantities of stones are not imported to Yap, and the reason is that, this being a matter entirely in the hands of the native population (foreign occupants of the island discouraging these primitive customs), to carry sufficient Palao rock for a distance of 260 miles over open sea, requires capital to purchase the necessary transport and if, as is often the case, the weather is rough, it might mean the destruction not only of the whole cargo but of the boats or lighters purchased to make the journey, while the transporting agent is obliged by an unwritten law to sink to the bottom of the ocean with his "bullion". Only men of means, therefore, can undertake the risk. Furthermore, the younger generation are travelling about in search of work and have discovered that coins are more convenient outside their own islands than stones weighing tons.

The natives of Yap, however, do not respond with the same docility of the other islanders to the efforts of foreign missionaries and Japanese administrators to make them adopt Western habits, and whereas in many of the islands one sees a majority of the inhabitants partially clothed, those who reside in the Yap group remain faithful to their traditions, customs and superstitions, the men continuing to adorn themselves with bracelets, necklaces, feathers and tatooing, while the women definitely refuse to substitute a shapeless sort of nightgown, as seen in Saipan and

Palao, for rustling grass skirts which leave their torsos bare. True, I saw some of the natives playing tennis, but it was such a barbaric game, such fierce hitting, as with wild shouts the nude shining bodies sped across the court, that the rackets looked like battle axes and the ball some creature which had to be destroyed.

Yap, if I may use the expression, is "the genuine article", though curiously enough I could discover no record of any books having been written on this enthralling subject and my information, other than that which I gathered from observation, was obtained from beach-combers of diverse nationalities who, for various reasons, have drifted into this easy state of "living for the day", supplying their small wants by fishing and the selling of copra. One of these, a woman specially interested me, for though of dusky countenance she was of British nationality, and by her voice and manner reminded me of a superior housekeeper who had fallen on bad days. Her late husband had also been an Englishman, while her father a trader, who, up to the end of the last century, lived by what in reality amounted to piracy. This old gentleman who, when he called at Hongkong, was a law-abiding, church-going Briton, developed piratical instincts as soon as he came in contact with South Sea Island trade and had no hesitation in luring foreign merchants aboard his schooner, making them drunk and while unconscious removing all the copra which they had collected.

This form of "business" was, however, only one of his minor failings, as when big deals came his way he had few scruples over human life. On one occasion he came to an island called Ngalik in the East Carolines and discovered a tribe which yearly gave their best tortoise-shell to their local God of the Sea. The old captain proposed to the people that it would be more profitable for them if they sold their votive offerings, but the suggestion met with such outraged refusal that he did not press the matter. He had, however, by no means abandoned his intention of acquiring the tortoise-shell, so sailing away he landed at Ponape where a large colony of beach-combers, whalers from various parts of the world who had been left there by passing whaling fleets, lived as best they could. Our pirate, therefore, had little difficulty in recruiting fifty men to accompany him on this financially profitable expedition, and landing with them at Ngalik slaughtered every male inhabitant, loaded the tortoise-shell on to the schooner and sailed away, leaving behind the fifty beach-combers with good wishes for a pleasant holiday. History does not record what these men said when they found themselves abandoned, but as there was no means of escape they apparently settled down, for in Ngalik today there is a strange race which speaks a dialect quite unlike anything Chamorro or Kanaka.

This enterprising man was also responsible for populating another island with an exotic



race, for calling one day at one of the Mapeias off the coast of New Guinea, he discovered that the only inhabitants consisted of four people, a man, a woman and two children, who turned out to be the last survivors of raids which were made yearly by cannibals who wanted a change of diet. He accordingly rescued the unfortunate family who daily awaited death in a cauldron and, obtaining permission from the Dutch Government to exploit these islands, sailed up to the Yap group, kidnapped thirty or forty couples, carried them back to Mapeia, and arming some of them with rifles, left them to deal with the cannibals, which they so effectively did, that the colony became a source of profit to its promoter, and Mapeia to this day remains populated by a race whose nearest cousins live some 1500 miles away.

What made these stories so interesting was not only hearing them from men who had been contemporaries of the old rogue but seeing the scenes of his exploits. There seemed to be no limit to his ingenuity in the acquiring of money, and when he died at the beginning of this century, he left fifty thousand dollars to each of his many dusky children who lived scattered about these South Sea Islands. I do not know what happened to the rest of the family, but the pleasant old lady in the print dress with whom I chatted so cordially in Yap spent her legacy in the most unexpected way, for having fallen in with the exiled Queen Emma of Samoa, she accompanied her to Europe and squandered most

of the small fortune at fashionable resorts of the Riviera, after which she lived in London, on the little that was left, until once more longing for her native land returned to Yap where she has since resided in comparative poverty, earning her living by selling copra and baking bread for the Japanese stores.

Poor lady! she was so pleased to find someone with whom she could speak English and talk of Piccadilly which she would never see again, and her delight knew no bounds when I presented her with a tin of Oxford sausages which I had in my kit.

Arriving in Palao from Yap was rather like moving from a remote part of Western Ireland to Dublin. There were cars at the pier to meet us which carried us along a palm shaded avenue past a club, government offices and shops to a clean Japanese hotel, where we were able to "spread ourselves", for, with that never failing organization, the N. Y. K. had succeeded in saving all our hand-baggage which, though slightly sea stained, was otherwise intact. This amazing shipping company further informed us that as long as we waited for a boat in Palao we should lodge, eat and drink at their expense, in spite of the statement on the back of our tickets which held them in no way responsible for expenses incurred by shipwreck! Neither was there any atmosphere of a favour being granted, it was just a magnanimous gesture and further enhanced my already high opinion of the N. Y. K.

It so happened that our arrival in Yap coincided with the birthday of the Emperor of Japan and the Governor-General invited me and my wife to the garden-party which was to be held at the club at 11 a.m.

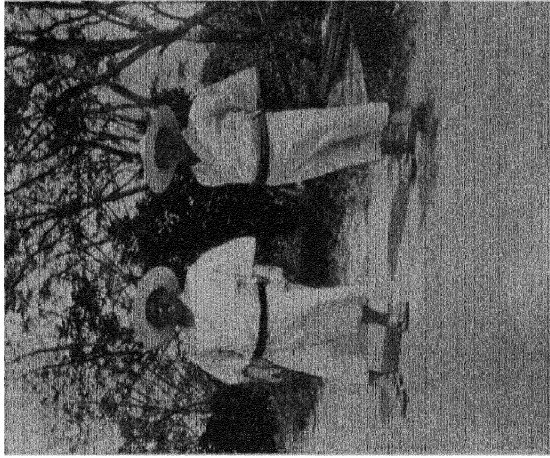
I found Baron Matsuda, who speaks English and French well, a charming and cultured man, but he appeared to be out of place lost on a South Sea Island. I could visualize him at the Park Lane Hotel in London where he always stayed or at the Miramar in Biarritz, also a favourite resort of his, or giving dinner parties to Ambassadors and their wives in Tokyo, but on this small atoll with no one to talk to, he seemed wasted.

Each guest on arrival at the entrance of the club for the garden-party was issued with a sheaf of tickets which entitled him to one glass of *saké*, beer, or lemonade, a skewer of meat, a bowl of macaroni, a packet of red rice and one water ice!

The ceremony began with the singing of the Japanese National Anthem, after which the Governor mounted a small stage and delivered an appropriate speech in which he touched on Japan's secession from the League of Nations and her intention to retain her Pacific mandate, concluding the oration with three *Banzai* for His Imperial Majesty. The Governor was followed by Commander Umezaki who, advancing to the edge of the stage and flashing his black eyes at the audience as he had done when taking charge of operations during the ship-



**Mrs. Bodley and Baron Matsuda, governor general of the South Sea Islands, at the Imperial birthday party at Palao.**



**The advantage the Japanese had over the foreigners after the shipwreck in that they were able to don *kimonos*, Commander Umezaki (*right*) and Captain Saito (*left*) at Yap after the shipwreck.**



wreck, addressed us in ringing tones, his voice rising to a crescendo as he spoke of the Japanese Mandated Islands, which he declared were essential to Japan as a defence line and would never be given up unless torn away by armed force, and looking at me added words to the effect that the conditions of the mandate had been loyally respected, and it was the duty of the Great Powers to see that Japan should be treated fairly. There was something very fine in the way this Japanese naval officer enunciated his speech, something inspiring, and after my experiences of the past few days, I knew that what Commander Umezaki said was meant and felt that he spoke justifiably. Japan *has* fulfilled the mandate entrusted to her conscientiously, and it would be obviously unjust to ask her to give up something on which money and trouble and time has been spent.

After the speeches we had *geisha* dances and Japanese singers, until the midday tropical sun pouring down on the marquee made sitting still a physical torture, and it was with relief that we accepted the Governor's invitation to accompany him to the refreshment tents where tickets were exchanged for food and drinks, while our host chatted as if he was at Ascot or Longchamps!

The Governor's launch made an enormous difference to our enforced stay in Palao, as we were enabled not only to organize bathing excursions to lovely beaches and visit marine stalactited caves, but make an expedition to Pelilu and Angaur, the former of which islands is hardly

ever visited by Japanese and never by Europeans.

Our vessel was a nine tonner in which we had to make the trip of one hundred miles there and back, partly in the shelter of the reef but to a great extent in the open sea. However, after our various experiences in canoes and life boats, what might have seemed at one time rather an adventure was now treated as a matter of course.

Our first call was rather complicated by falling tides and reefs, so that we had to land unexpectedly in a dingy and walk for two hours to the place where it had been arranged for us to spend the night. The scenery about us was magnificent jungle, impenetrable except along the path which we followed, but it was rendered rather tedious by stifling heat and clouds of mosquitos which buzzed about us in masses, until no square inch of exposed skin failed to have a bite. Luckily the insects of these islands are not malaria carriers.

When we eventually reached the village, we were received by the Japanese school master who lodged us in his house, while his wife prepared a sumptuous dinner, which included giant crabs which we had previously seen being caught in the coconut palms. The schoolmaster told me that practically all the children in the island attended his classes and were able to read and write elementary Japanese, as well as do simple sums. It was a strange experience sitting on this verandah, looking out into the jungle with a young moon trickling silver over the

palm trees, while this man, who had voluntarily exiled himself from all that was dear to him, talked proudly of his task which would lead him to no honour except that of furthering the interests of Japan. During my Sahara days I had sometimes felt sorry for French school teachers in lost Oases, but theirs' was a life of luxurious ease compared to this man's existence on an island where ships never called, and without even the compensation of adequate pay.

After dinner we chanced upon one of those savage dances which these Japanese teachers will soon cause to become historical legends. In a long dimly lit hut raised off the ground on stone piles, twenty old women, hags of between sixty and seventy with "oerteemed loins" and wizened breasts, some of them wearing kilts made of what appeared to be knitting wool, others in the "night gowns" of the West, stood in line chanting a weird tune which was unlike any other Oriental music which I had ever heard. Every now and then one of the hags would utter a fearsome shriek while the remainder, gradually becoming animated, swayed lewdly backwards and forwards leering horridly at even older witches who sat on the floor. It was one of the most revolting spectacles which I have ever witnessed, its horrible origin emphasized by a great cauldron which simmered in the corner of the hut. Long after we had gone to "bed" on the floor of the schoolmaster's bungalow, that melancholy chant could still be heard, as the



hags tirelessly swayed up and down before their decrepit sisters.

The next morning, after a curious breakfast consisting of consommé, curry, papayas and high eggs, we embarked again on our nine tonner, and after an hour and a half of choppy sea reached Angaur.

With the exception of Saipan and Tinian, Angaur is the only island of the Japanese Mandate which is of any real commercial value, having in its small area of eight square kilometres valuable phosphate mines. Before the War the phosphates were exploited by a German company, and from 1914 until 1922 by the Japanese Navy when the Government bought the German rights, as well as the buildings and machinery, for ¥1,739,960 and carried on the exploitation under the direction of the South Seas Bureau.

The mine produces between 60 to 70,000 tons of phosphates a year, which are dried and refined and then sent to Japan proper. It is estimated that there remain near on two million tons to be collected. The labour is chiefly native, some of the workmen coming hundreds of miles in canoes, knowing that in Angaur they can earn from 75 *sen* to ¥1.50 a day with reasonable hours of work, medical treatment and other advantages free. As a matter of fact I found, in practically all the hospitals which I visited, few patients and little disease. Even framboesia is being successfully kept under by the untiring efforts of Japanese doctors.

Mr. R. Ikeda, manager of the mine, received us imperially, placing a bungalow, cooks and servants at our disposal, a tennis court with the implements for play if required, banquets on the two nights while we were on his island, followed on the first occasion by a cinema entertainment which we witnessed from the verandah of our house, and on the second by a stirring war dance by native labourers from the distant island of Truk, which was as noble as the old ladies performance had been degrading. The men in the nude, painted and feathered, pranced and slapped their thighs with the precision of a Cochran trained chorus, chanting as they moved until they gradually worked up into shrill yells. It was a splendid and unforgettable picture with its background of silent palm trees and whispering casuarinas.

In addition to partaking in these nocturnal rejoicings we were shown all over the "mine", which is easy to work as there is no deep digging. One evening we went out trolling for fish and caught some fine striped tunny of an average weight of about fifteen pounds, and on the following afternoon witnessed the netting of fish which was carried out in an unexpected way, for having stretched the net across the outlet of a small bay just before the ebb of the tide, some of the natives waded out and speared the fish caught in the meshes, while others waited in canoes at probable lines of escape, and hurling their spears like javelins, transfixed fish with unbelievable accuracy. Among the fish

caught was a shark, which was a reminder of the danger of bathing in these seas even when there is a reef.

Before leaving the territory of the South Sea Islands we made a call at Davao, one of the most Southerly ports of the Philippines, where I had expected to see something like Manila on a smaller scale, with a preponderance of white people, but had I been taken blindfolded and placed in the main street of Davao and then allowed to look about me, I would have guessed myself to be in a tropical Yokohama.

Davao is a lovely place, in many ways more beautiful than many of the islands of the Japanese Mandate, but though scenically quite different it has nothing American about it. The shops, the goods in the stores are Japanese, the hemp plantations are Japanese leased and employ Japanese labour, even in the Philippino post office a special section is reserved for Japanese postal transactions with notices in *kana*, the ships which call at the port are mostly Japanese. There are various reasons for these anomalies. The first, that the labourers from Japan are much harder and more efficient workers than the Philipinos, so that not only has trading fallen into these immigrants' hands but the coolie labour on the hemp plantations is theirs' also, a Japanese doing four times as much work as a native of the country. The second is that since the boycott was proclaimed Japanese goods are banned in Chinese shops, so that to parry this the Japanese have merely opened their own retail stores

and taken the Chinese business; and thirdly the question of exchange, for with the Yen at its present value hemp can more easily be disposed of in Japan than elsewhere.

Seeing this Japanese preponderance in American territory makes one realize how little one knows about these people. When I first set foot in Japan, I at once became aware how much more advanced were its people than other Asiatic races, but without somehow visualizing Japanese influence outside its own islands. My eyes began to be opened when I visited Korea, and after travelling in Manchoukuo and the Mandated Islands, I realize what a mistake I, and many other foreigners, have made. Japan is rapidly becoming a colonial empire, spreading out her influence rather in the same way as Britain did in the nineteenth century, with this advantage that her empire is at present concentrated round the home country and easily accessible to colonists. What is more important, the Japanese are doing their colonial work well, and this is especially noticeable in these Pacific Islands, for whereas on the Asiatic mainland where the problem is not easy it is one to which the Japanese have been accustomed for centuries, in the South Seas not only are they dealing with people whose dialects differ with practically every atoll in a sea area as great as that of the Dutch Indies, but they are being critically watched all the time by jealous nations who would seize the smallest excuse to deprive Japan of her Mandate. Such an action

would be so grossly unjust that I will not even speak of it. At the same time I cannot help adding that, if there is an atmosphere of suspicion in the West as to what exactly are Japan's aims in the Pacific, it is partly her own fault. As pointed out before, there is no question of any fortifying or establishing naval bases in the Mandated Islands, but nevertheless casual foreign travellers, while not prevented, are not really encouraged to visit this archipelago and their reasons for wishing to make the trip are apt to be queried which of course breeds suspicion.

As the Japanese are definitely not making any secret use of their mandated territories, they should encourage parties of foreign tourists to visit these lovely coral atolls, who if they were treated as I was would return to their homes refuting the accusations made by war maniacs.

This lack of foresight on the part of the Japanese is another example of their inability to judge what will favourably impress or antagonize the West.

Before setting our head for the North, we had a pathetic reunion when the officers and crew of the abandoned "Shizuoka Maru" came on board at Yap to be transported to Yokohama. The Captain and his subordinates looked careworn, and though we had a welcome dinner with speeches, it had rather the atmosphere of a funeral, and we could not somehow keep our minds away from our old ship which waited on the reef for the waves to finish its destruction.

## CHAPTER XXI

### WHY THE PEACE OF THE FAR EAST DEPENDS ON JAPAN

HAVING reached the last chapter of my book, I find myself wondering whether I have achieved the object which I had in mind when I started writing, to give as an impartial picture as possible of what the situation is at this moment in Japan.

Though I am an Englishman with no foreign blood in my ancestry, I have lived so much in foreign countries and found myself so often obliged to assimilate my thoughts to those of the people among whom I happened to be, that I cannot really place myself in the position of the Briton who can see little good outside the confines of England, Scotland and Wales. I am, nevertheless, filled with national pride and will not admit the disintegration of the British Empire under the same conditions as those which brought about the fall of Rome and Spain.

It is, of course, evident that a change has come over our Dominions beyond the seas, but that, I believe, is merely a process of evolution, and I am convinced that the great traditions implanted by us into the hearts of our colonial people will ever remain as a basis of general policy. Nevertheless, I am able to forget Britain's ambitions and interests when I examine the characteristics of a foreign country and look at

its problems from a friendly and, as near as possible, impartial point of view. This, I suppose, is partly due to the fact that, though I have little leisure to read as a mere pastime, when I do have a chance I devote myself to historical books. On certain periods I have specialized but I have also found time to cover the main outline of the history of most countries in the world, and I have observed that with unfailing regularity the hackneyed expression "history repeats itself" is truer than many people imagine, and especially so of what is now taking place in the Far East. Ever since historians first threw light on the doings of people, the story of the world has been one of stronger nations, more developed than their neighbours, spreading their sphere of influence, sometimes by peaceful occupation, usually by conquest. These expansions, though not at the time recognized by any particular name, were in reality the forerunners of what are now known as colonial policies, which, beginning with piratical raids, gradually evolved into organized armed aggressions with ultimate aims to peaceful commerce.

At first governments interfered little with their imperialistic neighbours, in some cases because they were not in a position to do so, in others because they were too busy acquiring territories themselves. The Phoenicians, the Arabs, the Portugese, the Dutch, stretched out their hands at various epochs in the history of the world, took possession of the countries they

coveted, occupied them, implanted their culture and in turn gave way to the next set of conquerors. Nobody said anything and the conquered, having no one to whom they could appeal, assimilated themselves to the new way of living which usually benefited them. Finally, when the nations of the West had completed their occupations of various portions of the universe, they found time to look into each other's affairs and, discovering many matters about which to disagree, started a war which, most unexpectedly, dragged in people from all parts of the world, including those of the Far East. The war having been terminated by a peace treaty, the conditions of which were impossible to enforce, the nations decided that something must be done to prevent any further recurrence of such a situation and banded themselves into a league which was to decree the future mode of living of the people of the world.

This was excellent as an ideal, but as the world was not yet ready for idealism, the League failed to achieve its purpose, and failed moreover, in the most unforeseen quarter. The Far East!

As for many years Britain remained dormant while other empires overran the earth, so Japan gradually matured while other Asiatic powers rose and fell in prestige and influence, until finally rousing herself from the chrysalis state of centuries of preparation and character forming, she stepped into the sunlight, realizing that it was her turn.



Unfortunately for Japan, the moment chosen was looked upon with disfavour by countries which, having spread to their heart's content and now for economic reasons unable to continue doing so, had lately decided to form this international trust, the main object of which was to prevent any other people acting as they themselves had in the past.

The Japanese, moreover, young in the manners of the West and anxious to conform to the so-called ideals of the outer world, instead of pointing out that problems in Asia could be no more understood by non-Asiatics than the problems of the West by people of the East, endeavoured to come to an understanding with their critics but failed, not so much because their case was bad as owing to an exceedingly poor conception of propaganda.

At the same time the Chinese, who are excellent psychologists and know how to trade on the sentimental idealisms of the West, sent forth able propagandists, such as Messrs. Alfred Sze and Wellington Koo, who alternatively working themselves up into a state of frenzied patriotism over unequal treaties, or resorting to the ancient, but ever successful, expedient of setting one barbarian against another, were so convincing in the distorting of the Chinese case that everyone forgot that China's contact with the outer world had been one long story of treaties and conventions broken.

Thus China continued to be regarded rather in the light of one of those wheezing, overfed

pet dogs which sleep on cushions and can do no wrong in the eyes of their doting mistresses, and is accordingly pandered to, while Japan, like a healthy, highly trained sporting dog, is kept outside in the kennel, which to my mind is a compliment, as it shows that the world realizes that Japan is a first class nation which can look after itself, and that China is not. . . .

The historians of the future who write the impartial history of the West's dealings with Japan in the nineteen-thirties will find it difficult to explain the attitude of Central Europe and Great Britain during this crisis. The United States of America, living aloof from Continental politics, little worried by the Bolshevik menace and having a Pacific policy, not too easy to follow but nevertheless a policy, have some excuse for their attitude, but that the peoples of Europe, and especially those of Great Britain, should wish to see Japan weakened to the advantage of China, passes the bounds of human comprehension. (This statement, I may add, has nothing to do with China's dealings with Britons who live within her frontiers, but something more complicated which I shall endeavour to explain.)

If there is one menace of which England is, and has always been, apprehensive in the East, it is the Russian.

Russia from the earliest days of her history has been pressing her way Eastwards, at times in the direction of India and China, at others towards Manchuria and a non-iceblocked exit to

the Pacific. This desire to dominate Asia is, moreover, not merely a question of Bolshevism, as the Czar's armies were just as anxious to establish themselves outside the confines of Siberia, and though the pre-war plans failed, it was not from want of trying.

When I was a young officer serving in the Northern Punjab in 1912, I used to take my company on tactical training schemes in an area known as the West Curtains Forts; these forts, to-day of course obsolete, had been built by our engineers not against the Afghan or similar tribes (the nature of the fortifications alone proved this), but to defend Northern India against the Russian menace, and our divisional field exercises always included practices in warfare *in India against civilized troops using modern weapons*, in opposition to the savage and mountain warfare manœuvres which would be used against the Indian and frontier tribes.

Three hundred years ago the Chinese had built a wooden fleet at Kirin, to ward off the menace of Russian aggression down the Sungari River, while at the end of the last century Korea and Japan herself were threatened by Russia's determination to dominate Manchuria. With the proclaiming of the Soviet Republic it was not long before Communist doctrines were carried into China with the intention of establishing Bolshevik influence all over the Chinese Empire, which at that time included Manchuria.

The Czarist ambitions in the Orient caused apprehension to those whom they immediately

affected, but did not present the same dangers as those same ambitions combined with Bolshevism, for whereas the defeat of any enemy on the field of battle is as final as the end of a boxing match, seditious undermining of national spirit spreads like an infectious disease until the nation becomes paralysed.

China was the first to offer Russia a free opportunity to spread her theories and set up new ideals of government, and if the anticipated results were not achieved, it was because the Chinese were neither fitted or anxious for the exercise of self-government, the creation of new social and political structure being quite unsuited to the character and tradition of these people, who are lacking in any patriotic or national consciousness. This may seem a sweeping assertion but it is nevertheless true and has been proved again during the course of the last two years, for, as already stated, at the time of the trouble in Manchuria and during the Shanghai incident, Chinamen, preaching the doctrines taught in Moscow, relentlessly knifed their own people in the back.

Manchuria is still Russia's objective, but only an objective on the way, a kind of stepping stone to China, to Indo-China, to India and the rest of the inflammable East. In Europe it is fairly easy to counteract communist propaganda. Everyone can read the papers, broadcasting is universal, and the saner members of society can tell the less sane the truth about the situation, but in Asia, with the exception of the Japanese,

the majority of the people are illiterate, ill fed, oppressed and cut off from the outer world, so that any talking on the lines employed by the Bolshheviks has easily convertible material to work on.

But no one but the Japanese ever seem to see the situation as it really is, and the rest of the world continues idealizing something which has nothing ideal about it.

Should Russia occupy Manchuria, it would not take long for its thirty million inhabitants to be instructed in communist doctrines and then, dispersed throughout China, prepare the way for a further advance. In other words, if Japan was not teaching law and order in Manchoukuo, Russia would be teaching disorder. And yet the powers in Europe sit round a green baize cloth and criticize Japan, when they ought to be thanking her for taking over a nasty bit of work which no one else would!

I was living in China at the time of the visit of the Lytton Commission and observed its members being transported about the country in armoured "trains de luxe", while smiling Chinese, such as that suave diplomatist Mr. Wellington Koo (whose accurate perception of international affairs has no parallel in Japan) spoon fed the commissioners, though, if the occasion had arisen, would have had no hesitation in kicking Lord Lytton and his colleagues, bag and baggage, out of the country.

What I did find hard to understand was that none of the foreign residents in China, who time and again have suffered at her hands, were

able to demonstrate to the commissioners that the official class in China, Imperial and Republican alike, had repeatedly shown their willingness to sell their nation's rights regardless of its welfare, or that if Japan had been able during the past thirty years to build up an economical, political ascendancy in Manchuria it was partly due to the fact that Chinamen respect a strong hand, but a great deal more to the mercenary complicity of the Chinese political and military rulers.

I have not sufficient space at my disposal to discuss the venal characteristics of the Chinese, but when I remember the way certain famine and flood funds were distributed to official and private individuals who had helped to collect them, or the fate of British loans made during the course of the last century which will never be repaid, it seems inconceivable that China, crushed with taxation and quite insolvent, should be able to find in London sufficiently simple minded financiers to pour a little more money into the pockets of a government, the solidity of which is problematical and whose members in the event of a change of régime would have no hesitation in absolving themselves and their successors from any obligation to the people from whom they had borrowed.

However, if the complex situation in the Far East was a mere matter of Japan and China, it would be fairly easy to deal with. Japan could establish Manchoukuo as an independent, well governed state, and then possibly turn her attention to the organization of China proper.

The Japanese understand the Chinese character better than any other nation, so that the Chinese themselves would benefit by such an action and eventually develop, if not into one reliable Empire, into clearly defined Republics, the representatives of which would have the authority to deal responsibly with the powers of the West.

Unfortunately, China is not the only problem. There is the attitude of the European and American Governments, whose policies, though probably dictated by some excellent motives, are obscure to anyone who has lived for any length of time in China and Japan. And there is also, as I must once more repeat, the Russian peril which none can visualize until, as I, they have travelled in the interior of China and been in the midst of its seething population, or come in contact with its hordes of ill-disciplined soldiery who, if led and organized, could do what they liked with the rest of the world.

The powers of the West can pass resolutions or may even take drastic measures to try and coerce Japan into relinquishing what she has undertaken, but nothing short of decisive defeat will ever cause her to abandon her position on the Asiatic mainland which has already cost her much in energy, money and human life.

Japan's role in the shaping of the future of the Far East in the twentieth century is as clear as Rome's was in Europe and Africa two thousand years ago, and though the process may cause a certain amount of unavoidable pain, the ultimate results will benefit everyone.

## APOLOGIA

I FEEL, after reading over the manuscript of this book, that critics will be in a position to say that I have thrown no new light on Japan and the Japanese. Perhaps not, but then I must repeat what I have already said in my preface, that it is impossible for an author who is conscientious to comment exhaustively on a country in which he has only spent one year.

By the time I left Eton, I had travelled in France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland and North Africa; before I went to the war, I had added Belgium, India, Kashmir and Leh to the list of countries I had explored, and while I was by no means blazé by all I had seen (I find the more one travels, the less blazé one becomes), it would never have occurred to me to follow the example of those to-be-pitied men and women who fall to the temptation of writing what it pleases them to call "Travel Sketch Books or Reminiscences".

It takes a man of exceptional intelligence to write an infallible book about a people, and though in olden days, when journeys were adventures, travellers like Marco Polo, George Borrow, and Arthur Young succeeded in reproducing admirable pictures of foreign countries which were practically unknown outside works of fiction, the moderns are handicapped by the diffusion of general knowledge and by preconceived and erroneous ideas inspired by flowery-worded pamphlets and imaginative poster of tourist



agencies. It often sleets on the Riviera, Paris can be very dull, the ladies of Spain do not all wear mantillas and rattle castanets, only a quarter of the Sahara is covered with sand, and so on almost indefinitely . . . but there are few like Boutmy, Bodley and Bryce who have given us countries in their right focus.

I have tried in this volume to tell the Japanese what causes surprise, amusement, irritation or admiration to foreigners when they first come to Japan, and I have likewise endeavoured to explain to English people the reasons for certain Japanese characteristics and the underlying causes for their acting in ways which seem to us obscure.

We British are strangely concerned with our own affairs, the great majority of us do not travel, and, when we do, insist on carrying our customs with us. How often have I encountered compatriots of mine in out-of-the-way parts of the world condemning the inhabitants because they did not sell whisky or Enos Fruit Salts, and again and again during the war I was struck by the attitude of our soldiers towards the French inhabitants in the areas where we were fighting. To these men the battle zone was British soil, and the Frenchmen, who had remained on their land, foreigners of peculiar habits. It never seemed to enter the heads of the troops that they were rather taking everything for granted or that it was they who had strange manners. In the same way what is quite normal to the Japanese is strange to Europeans

and Americans, while the customs of the West likewise surprise Orientals when they travel.



The fact that the working man's day in England does not exceed eight hours, and a great number do nothing but live on an unearned salary called a dole, astonishes a Japanese, as does probably the French custom of serving wine gratuitously with meals or Spain's national sport of bull fighting.

Cricket matches which last three days puzzle Americans, Englishmen associate baseball with memories of rounders, a sense of fair play is baffling to a Chinaman. I could go on quoting like this for pages, the point of it all being that if my Japanese and British readers will take what I have said in the right spirit, they may derive some benefit from the reading of this book.

If, as is probably the case, there are inaccuracies in these pages, I would like to point out that authors, and especially those who write about countries and peoples other than their own, are in an unenviable position, as if by chance they put down some erroneous statement, the reviewers will set upon them at once as if the mere fact of being writers should make them infallible.

I have always tried, even in the writing of novels, not to make mistakes, but I am of course liable to blunder.

I therefore ask indulgence, for though an experienced cook in the preparation of certain literary dishes, this is my first attempt at serving up a Japanese omelette.

 THE END 

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